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South Church Union Lectures.

THREE LECTURES

ON

TRACTARIANISM,

DELIVERED IN THE TOWN HALL, BRIGHTON.

BY THE

REV. HENRY NEWLAND, M.A.,

RECTOR AND VICAR OF WESTBOURNE.

"SEMPER EGO AUDITOR TANTUM, NUNQUAMNE REPONAM?"

Fourth Edition.

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TO THE

VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON.

My dear Archdeacon:

What I say in these Lectures I think, and what I think I mean to act up to. I can therefore find no more appropriate patron for them than the man who, on the Education Question, as on all others, meant what he said, and *did it*.

Yours truly,

HENRY NEWLAND.

PREFACE.

A PREFACE is generally supposed to be an explanation of causes which have produced the Book, sometimes it is also a sort of apology, which the author thinks it necessary to make to the public for having written the book at all. My Preface partakes of both these characters. I wish to explain, and I feel that I ought to apologise.

I must confess, in the first place, that as a general rule, the Platform is not the place for a Clergyman; circumstances no doubt may call him there, just as circumstances may call him into any situation of life whatever, and if they do call him, they fully justify his being there; still the Platform is not his proper sphere of action, and, if ever he appears on it, it is incumbent on him to establish to his own conscience, and, if he can, to the judgment of the public also, that he had reason sufficient to warrant him in putting himself in such a position.

Whether my reasons will be considered of sufficient force to satisfy the public I know not; such as they are, the public shall have them. I know this, that they took a whole twelvemonth to satisfy me, and a good many discussions also, not only in my own Union, but among my friends in other parts of England. I took a long while to make up my mind, and till I had made it up, I did not come forward. But when I had, I went at my work boldly, and boldly I mean to continue it. I have delivered these three lectures on Tractarianism, and purposely chose for them as untractarian a locality as I could find. I have been successful hitherto, and next season I mean to deliver three more. There is nothing, after all, like Luther's maxim, "pecca fortiter;" or Sir Boyle Roche's, "The best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump."

All that can be said against such a measure I have considered

already. I am aware that it is open to many objections, and no one can appreciate the weight of these objections better than I. All I say is, that when I considered and compared the reasons for and against this course, those which were in favour of it seemed to me of more weight than those which were against it.

Let me not be set down as an egotist in saying this, though of necessity I must speak principally of myself. Let me not be supposed to attach any particular importance to my own opinions. I am not so much seeking to justify myself and my own individual conduct, as I am that of the Union of which I have the honour to be Secretary. The Committee of the South Church Union have, on deliberation, determined that it is advisable to speak openly to the people, and in this determination I fully concurred; now therefore, in justifying myself for the advice I gave, I am justifying also the Committee for the course they are taking. The reasons which influenced me, and which influenced the Union, are these:

No publications that I have ever heard of have had so great an effect on the public mind, as the "Tracts for the Times." Whether those Tracts are approved of or disapproved of, all must admit this, for the whole framework of society has been moved by them; its relative parts may remain as far separated from each other as ever, though I hardly think they do, but the whole of society together has, since their publication, taken a churchward move. The very Dissenters build their meeting-houses with an ecclesiastical character, they adopt our chants and our liturgies, and, whereas in the days of the Evangelical leading, the Church was copying Dissent, Dissent has in these Tractarian days, begun to copy the Church. Men do right in calling us Tractarians; we may not have read the "Tracts for the Times," we certainly do not defend or approve of all that was said in them; but it was the "Tracts for the Times" that roused the Church from its slothfulness and its slumbers: it was the "Tracts for the Times" that set men's minds on the watch for the truth: and, whether they were or were not the actual means of leading them to it, at all events they showed them where it was to be found, and how to find it. As it was the Truth, and not Wesley's organization; as it was the Truth, and not Simeon's preaching, that moved and in a measure revived the Church in former days, so it was the Truth and not the "Tracts for the Times" which moved and revived it in ours. The Tracts were the vehicle which conveyed it to men's minds.

The religious revivals of former times laboured under one very serious defect, and in one respect at least, the present movement

has had the very same defect as those which preceded it;—its action has been partial, and not general. The entire framework of society has been moved no doubt, but the moving power has been applied exclusively to one section of it at a time; and thus the rest, when it was impelled forward, was impelled as it were with a wrench. The rough eloquence of Wesley, and his utter disregard of self, spoke forcibly to the lower classes; but it spoke to the lower classes only, his vulgarity and assumption confined it to them. So also the real though unpractical piety of the old Evangelicals was the very thing for a religious but uneducated middle class, but its shallowness confined it to the religious and uneducated. While in our times the Tractarian, with his deep reading, logical arguments, and historical precedents, is no less a class controversialist; he speaks to the higher and educated classes, and to them only. Learning is useless, logic is incomprehensible, and history is an unknown land among the ignorant and uneducated, and such by far the majority of our middle classes are still.

The fault in each of these movements is the same, each was a class movement; it spoke the language and adapted itself to the feelings and habits of a class. The whole of society was moved by each one of them, for there was Truth in them all, and Truth must prevail; but in all cases it was moved awkwardly and painfully by a force applied at a single point, and that perhaps not a central one.

In the present instance it is perfectly certain, that throughout the upper and educated classes of society, the effect of the Tractarian publications has been wonderful—but there it has stopped. Like a plough set to a certain depth, it has moved the soil readily and effectually as far as that soil was exposed to its action, but, though the subsoil was just as good and just as fertile, it has glided over and over it without being able to touch it.

The error was seen and partially corrected; cheap publications and plain writings were tried, but of what use was that among a class whose pursuits are not literary? The "Tracts for the Times" had produced their effect among the reading classes, because they were read and weighed. They were bold and startling productions; in some cases they convinced, in some cases they were refuted; but in either case they had done their work, for they had led the men who read and weighed them, to look deeper for themselves, and to search the Church of England diligently, and the Scriptures diligently, to see whether these things were so.

But they could have no such effect among the non-reading

classes; neither was it of any use to re-write them and re-state their arguments in a plainer style: neither in one style nor in the other were they suited to the habits of those classes: they are non-reading. They *can* read, no doubt; but that particular class of men, from which our tradesmen, and shopmen, and artizans are taken, read little beyond newspapers for their amusement. Tracts might be written for them, they might be even bought and circulated, but they were not *read*,—the plough required a different setting.

Now these people, though they will not read, yet they will attend lectures and public meetings for their amusement. I am very far from thinking that they can be taught their religion by lectures and public meetings, any more than the others can be taught their religion by the "Tracts for the Times;" in neither case they are to be so taught, that is another and a farther step, but their attention is to be roused and directed. When therefore I made up my mind that those classes were to be addressed at all, I determined also that they must be spoken to in the way in which they would listen; not by writing for them, but by speaking to them. I had no expectation whatever in these lectures of convincing people of any class, still less of teaching them their duty towards their Church and their GOD. My business was to excite their attention, to lead them to make inquiries for themselves, to induce them to go to those whose business it was to teach them. To teach them was Mr. Wagner's and Mr. Gresley's work, not mine. They were to spin the threads and weave the fabric of English Churchmanship; what I undertook was merely to beat off the husks, and prepare the rough material. My lectures in the Town Hall would be useless, and I knew that they would be useless, were it not for the Church in West Street.

But I have yet another reason, that contained in the line of Juvenal, which I have adopted as my motto:

"Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?"

We are not the first in this method of addressing the middle classes: their minds have not been left as a blank sheet of paper, open to take any impression that may be offered to them. Men less scrupulous than ourselves have been already at work; their own peculiar literature, the public prints, have been unsparingly brought into play. "Punch is with us," said Mr. Close, of Cheltenham, and the lecture room has been made an engine of religious warfare long before we ever turned our attention to it.

It is as idle to accuse us of disturbing the Church by this, as it was for the wolf to accuse the lamb of disturbing the stream; the provocation did not come from us to them, but from them to us; and when accused, as we are accused, of not sitting down content and suffering our adversaries to load the Church with insults in all peace and quietness, we reply, as Elijah replied before us, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house."

It was, indeed, long before we moved—for a long while we sat and listened to the frothy harangues, or read the truculent articles with a sort of half-amused half-contemptuous wonder, at what would come next, what preposterous falsehood would next be palmed upon the public conscience, what absurdity would be the next grievance, or what wonderful piece of ignorance would next unblushingly and innocently develope itself.

This was incaution in us; it was ignorance of human nature: we might have known, that where prejudices are involved, no story is too absurd for popular credence. We might have remembered the old cavaliers and the child-eating propensities so readily ascribed to the followers of the Lumleys and Gorings in Charles' days. We might have seen that the English public of our own times is neither wiser nor less credulous than ever it was then—that statements had been roundly asserted on one side, and had not been balanced by counterstatements on the other, that the old bugbear of Popery had been newly dressed up and presented to the public gaze, while no one had given himself the trouble of revealing the turnip, the white sheet, and the pole which composed it. Facts had been shamelessly misstated it is true, but how was the public to know that? downright fictions had been invented, but who was there to say that they were fictions? The public acted honestly to the best of its information; but if the information possessed by any particular portion of that public was bad, whose fault was it but that of those who gave it no better?

The fault lay with us. We had not made ourselves acquainted with the habits of the class we wished to deal with. We had plenty of reason on our side, no doubt, but we had put our reason in such a form that it never reached those whom we wished to convince. And in the meanwhile our opponents by merely falling in with the habits and prejudices of the people, gave a show of reason even to absurdities. We were satisfied with joking among ourselves about how a learned prelate had rubrical scruples on the propriety of permitting the general confession to be made in monotone, because in his ignorance he imagined that this expres-

sion meant one man's voice, and how a zealous sailor took the exact compass bearings of the Altar, and gravely complained to his Bishop that the parson was two points westward of his true position.*

We never troubled ourselves with explaining these things. We fancied because they were absurd that they could do no harm; that their absurdity would be their best refutation. We overlooked the spirit of that wise as well as witty repartee which Sheridan made to a noble Lord who proposed to take the "sense of the country." "Do so, my Lord, and welcome, and we will take the nonsense of it, and depend upon it we shall leave your Lordship in a very small minority indeed." This is our mistake; we Churchmen have been satisfied with taking the sense of the country, and we have gained it; but we have made no provision for its nonsense.

Now let me not be supposed to speak or think disrespectfully of the nonsense of my native land, for under that term I comprehend not only those who judge hastily and thoughtlessly, but a great number of very worthy individuals, who having neither time nor opportunity nor learning enough to form an opinion of their own, but who, being free Englishmen, are very tenacious of their Englishmen's right to have their own opinion, and therefore are satisfied with taking up that of their customary newspaper, and fighting for it stoutly. They never read religious works, not they; they have no time for such reading; their morning paper, or their weekly paper, or their monthly periodical, is enough for them; and, as for their views of religion, these, if they are so inclined, they pick up without much trouble at Exeter Hall, or at the National Club, or at the Protestant Defence Society. The arguments they hear there are all on one side, no doubt, but one side, as James I. pithily expressed it, is quite enough for an honest man.

Few of these men,—I may say none of them, worthy men as they are,—know what the Church of England is, and what it is not; what it commands, and what it forbids; what is the restoration of a forgotten precept, and what is an innovation on a legal canon; all are zealous, and very properly so, for their own English Church,—the Church of the Reformation,—only they are ignorant what the Church of the Reformation is, or what the Reformation itself was, and they have neither time to find it out, nor patience to investigate the dry books and tracts which would inform them. These are the very men for the interested and designing to work

* These are facts.

upon; their very conscientiousness, their religious feelings, their attachment to their Church, blind and ignorant as it is, even though it be honest and sincere, their very conservatism, that is to say their firm determination to preserve all the usages of their Church which they themselves have ever seen, or have ever had explained to them, these very virtues do but render them more ready and willing dupes to those whose interest it is to preserve abuses and to denounce all order and all restoration as mere Popery.

Two years ago, and I was as harmless and inoffensive a country parson as any in the land. I minded my schools, I visited my poor, I preached my weekly sermon, and said my daily prayers; I never dreamed of lecturing, I never thought of dabbling in controversial ink. In those days it had never come into the head of any of my parishioners that their parson had done wrong, or could do wrong, for their parson had never made a change capriciously, or without reflection, and had never introduced it without private as well as public explanation; they were quite innocent of Popery, they had heard of it no doubt, and hated it of course, but none of them knew exactly what Roman Catholics looked like, and whether Jesuits were not to be known by their horns and hoofs. The changes, such as they were, that I had made in the service might possibly have seemed strange to them at first, but by that time they had become old and established usages, neither questioned nor thought of; they were the way, according to the Westbourne use, in which prayer was wont to be made.

In the midst of all this comes down upon us like a storm in harvest the Popish Aggression. Then we had Lord John Russell's letter, followed by a circular from the Duke of Manchester and his National Club. These were the real disturbers of the Church's peace. To suit their own purposes they took advantage of the just but somewhat blind and ignorant indignation which pervaded the land, and succeeded in turning it from those whom they did not care about upon us whom they both disliked and feared.

Whatever may be said of the propriety of public lectures, it was Lord John Russell and his Grace of Manchester and my Lord Shaftesbury, and their petty imitators, the Sir Thomas Blomefields, the Sir Culling Eardleys, the Spurrells, and the Horsmans, men weak enough no doubt, but still mischievous, if unopposed and unrefuted, who made me what I am; from that time forward I joined the South Church Union, from that time forward I set it before me as a duty to explain those things as widely as was in my power to those whom these agitators were misleading, and to

do it in a way which the careless would listen to, and the ignorant comprehend.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that my warfare is not against the Evangelicals, properly so called, for whom, mistaken as they may be on certain points, I have the highest respect, but on those who would ride into notoriety upon their shoulders, the Manchesters and Blomefields of their party, and that my warfare is, after all, only defensive. I replace distorted facts in their true light, I state truths in plain language, for my object in my Lectures is to open the eyes of the people, and to show them that in finding fault with the customs and teaching of us, whom they have been taught to call Tractarians, they are finding fault not with us, but with their own Church, whose teaching and whose customs we are upholding; that in their ignorance they are the innovators, not we; that they have been permitting their Church to become dilapidated; and that we are but restoring what they have let slip, and bringing back into light what they have forgotten.

I have no particular predilection for the light style in which I have chosen to convey this information. I fully agree with the *Record*, that a graver and severer style would be far more appropriate, but my object is to have my Lectures *read*, and I do remember two pamphlets of mine, "The Kingdom of CHRIST," and "Whom has the Pope aggrieved?" that the first was grave in style, and the latter light and satirical; and I do remember that the proportion in which these two pamphlets sold was somewhere about one to twenty. If I am to write against popular writing, I must write, whether I like it or not, in the style of popular reading.

Hitherto we have taken no note of these things, and because we have taken no note of them, National Clubs and Protestant Defence Associations have waxed bold by impunity; we despise them, of course, but they "applaud themselves and count up their subscriptions;" unrefuted only because unassailed, they try a higher and a higher flight, until now at last they have succeeded in arousing us, and impressing on our minds the truth of the Irish maxim, "that despising is all very well in its way, but that the only safe plan after all is to thrash your enemy first and despise him afterwards."

TRACTARIANISM.

LECTURE I.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM glad to see so many collected here to-night. I think it is a hopeful sign of the times that people take an interest in matters of religion. This is in itself a revival of the Church,—few would have done so fifty years ago.

Whether you do or do not agree in the view I myself take of the subject; whether you are Tractarians or Anti-Tractarians at this moment signifies comparatively little; what people want in these days is zeal to excite them; with this moving power they may go wrong for the time, no doubt, but if they combine with this a thirst after knowledge to guide them, and Christian charity to keep them from thinking ill of their neighbour who differs from them; they will not be long before they understand, not perhaps Tractarianism or Anti-Tractarianism, but the true laws of the kingdom of GOD.

I hope every one here is fully alive to the value of a good name. Charteris was; perhaps you never heard of Charteris; he was, however, a great man in his way. He was a very great rogue, who lived in the last century, but rogue as he was, he knew well the value of a good name. Speaking to one of his old companions in the latter days of his life, when he was old and poor, he said, "No one knows the value of a good name, until he has lost it. Poor as I am, I would give £10,000 at this moment for the good name which I once possessed, for I am quite sure I could make £20,000 by it." In the opinion of Charteris, therefore, the intrinsic value of a good name is £10,000; and he is quite right. The man with a good name may, metaphorically speaking, steal a horse, while he with the bad one may not look over a hedge.

With the moral of this story in my mind, as fully impressed as

Col. Charteris could have been with the value of a good name, I yet come before you in all confidence, though the possessor of a very bad one.—I am called a Tractarian.

I come before you in all confidence, and I will tell you why. The English character abhors deceit, and when a man comes before them fairly, openly, and honestly, concealing nothing, extenuating nothing, nor setting down aught in malice, I feel sure that he will receive from an English audience a hearing as fair and honest as his own fairness and honesty deserves. I am not the apologist of Tractarianism, I am its historian. I tell you facts as they are, I leave you to judge of them. I abhor concealment, not only because it is wrong, but because I feel certain that the more we are known, the more we shall be appreciated, and that the greatest enemy that we have is the ignorance of our sentiments, our opinions, our views and objects, which even in this day is so universal. Our present object is to remove ignorance, to repudiate concealment, to show ourselves as what we are, and then in all confidence to leave the judgment to the public,—all we want is what Englishmen never yet denied,—a clear stage and no favour.

What are Tractarians? If the question had been put in another form—how came certain persons to be called Tractarians, it would be impossible to answer it. We are called Tractarians, no doubt, and Puseyites, and there is such a man as Dr. Pusey, and a very amiable, worthy, learned, pious man he is, but withal, a very retiring man, and no leader, not in any way calculated to play the part of first conspirator.

There are also certain publications called "Tracts for the Times," but many of us have never seen them, few of us have read them all, none of us I suspect would like to be bound by them, or to make them our confession of faith.

In truth we were called Tractarians, not because the name was appropriate, but because people could find no better for us. Lutherans were the followers of Luther, Calvinists of Calvin, Wesleyans of Wesley, Protestants were those who were bound by the confession of Augsburg; all this was straightforward and easy; but people could find for us neither recognised leader, nor distinctive tenets. Does not this look very much as if we had no distinctive tenets separate from those of CHRIST'S Church now in England, and had no leader except its Divine Master and Founder, acknowledged no doctrine and fellowship except that of the Apostles, and no bond except that of the breaking of the Bread, and of the prayers?

It is so,—still we do not wish to blink the question; you have misnamed us, but we plead to the indictment. Tractarians we are not, but we are what you call Tractarians.

And now we will tell you what we are: Tractarians are the reformers of the nineteenth century.

If ever I have the pleasure of addressing you again, I will endeavour to point out to you those particulars in which Tractarians differ from other Reformers; which part of the subject our time will not suffer us to enter into very fully to-night.

On this occasion, I shall for the most part confine myself to two propositions;

1. That with respect at least to discipline, the Church of England needs reform.

2. That those men commonly called Tractarians are its Reformers.

TRACTARIANS ARE THE REFORMERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

There is a truth which churchmen as well as politicians would do well to bear in mind; that constant and continual reform is the necessary condition of existence to everything here below. Decay itself is constant and unceasing. Repair therefore must be constant and unceasing also; nothing that has life is stationary.

Gifted ourselves by our Creator with the principle of life, which itself is only the perpetual struggle of animal energy against natural decay, we have the power of imparting life to our institutions; but we must not forget that we do not ourselves create it,—we can impart life to them only by *living* in them, and therefore it is, that every institution, be it what it may, requires a constant succession of living agents to keep it alive. The very best constitution that ever State was blessed with, would decay and fall to pieces, were it not that living men were continually watching over it—continually repairing the little breaches which time or accident has produced; not altering it indeed, but adapting it always to the current wants of passing times.

And in like manner, the Church of God itself, with its holy constitution, the Bible, would be practically dead,—dead *to us*, that is,—were it not for those living men whom its Blessed Founder has appointed, continually to watch it, immediately to repair its breaches, and—not to alter it, that were impossible, but

—constantly to apply it to the peculiar wants of existing generations.

In Church and State alike, these men, whether they themselves are or are not conscious of the fact, are reformers; their office is continually to repair and restore to its original form, or in other words TO REFORM, whatever has fallen into temporary decay. They are therefore reformers, and it is for this reason that I say, that reformers are as necessary to the Church as they are to the State.

To say that Reformers often do a great deal of mischief, is quite true, but nothing to the purpose. There are such things as ignorant pig-headed, interested, rash, and worthless reformers in both Church and State, and many of them; just as there are ignorant carpenters, and pig-headed masons, and interested lawyers, and rash physicians, without proving the inutility of their respective professions. These are spoken of as Reformers no doubt, but they are not what they call themselves, they are destroyers in disguise, and it is the unwise, as well as wicked energies of these men, which have given a bad sense to a good word, and have caused Reform to be confounded in our minds with Innovation.

Necessary, however, as reformers are to both Church and State, the two enjoy a very different degree of popularity, and for this plain reason, every one can see the wants of his body, but every one cannot see the wants of his soul. When the taxgatherer puts his hand into my pocket, I feel it very sensibly to be an evil; when he shuts up my windows, I am inconvenienced; when he puts an additional two-pence on my beer, or an additional penny on my bread, I wish it were otherwise every day of my life; and if we lived in a land less free than our's, we should feel all this still oftener: for instance, if, as in the case of fraternal France, or liberal Switzerland, we could not move from town to town without asking leave of the police, we should be continually made sensible that we were not treated as freemen; and the State Reformers, they who undertook to amend all this, and restore to us our rights, would be popular characters. But we do not feel all this with respect to religious Reformers. Why? because the wants of our souls are less perceptible to ourselves than the wants of our bodies, because the less a man knows about the *concerns* of the next world, the less he knows about his *wants* for the next world. When a man shuts up my window, I feel the want of light, but the more I sit in spiritual darkness, the more I like it, so long as

this world lasts, and therefore it is, that though I hail the State Reformer, and receive him as a friend; I suspect, and I fear, and I dislike the Church Reformer, who would rouse me out of my comfortable sloth that does so well for this world, and who would give me in the place of it something, of which in my spiritual darkness, I do not see the want at all.

For this reason it is, that whenever we look at Church History we find it invariable, that those who have ever done good to the Church—those who founded it—those who preached it—those who repaired and restored it—have been during their own lives the unpopular characters, while those who opposed them and would continue the errors and abuses, have been popular; Church Reformers indeed do not lose their reward even in this world, but they do not see it,—their works do not go with them—they follow them; in ages after they have gone to their rest, when we have reaped the fruit of their labours and their self-denial, we honour and reverence them, but while they are on earth, we hate and persecute them.

When S. Paul came to Rome, all that was known about "THIS SECT" that he was preaching was, that "it was everywhere spoken against." Wherever the Apostles and the early Christians came, they preached glad tidings of great joy, but they were not received as the messengers of joyful intelligence. And in after days, almost in these our times of rebuke, Wesley and his followers, who alone in evil days had the courage to arouse a sleeping Church, and to preach its forgotten obligations, were persecuted, and hunted, and driven out of it,—stigmatized as they were by the name of "Methodists."

Again, under the leadership of Venn, Cecil, Wilberforce, and Simeon, a whole host of reformers preached boldly a crusade against the "Mere Morality," into which the Church had sunk, called loudly for the long forgotten doctrines of the Christian Faith; and, again did popular opinion lift up its voice against the Reformers. It did its utmost to drown the unwelcome voice of truth in party clamour, and though less successful this time than before in cutting off and rejecting the unwelcome element, it did succeed in driving hundreds of earnest energetic "Evangelicals" as the party name now was,—men who would have laid down their lives for the Church—to swell the ranks of Protestant Dissent.

When Charles Simeon, who lived to be the popular leader of that party, was first appointed to Trinity Church, Cambridge, all

the parishioners with one accord petitioned the Bishop against him.

The Bishop was firm: he wrote thus: "The parishioners have petitioned for Mr. Hammond, and unless gratified, insinuate their intention of bestowing the lectureship on a different person from *my* curate. I do not like that mode of application, and if you do not accept it, I certainly shall not license Mr. Hammond."

The next day Mr. Simeon preached for the first time in Trinity Church.

"The people almost universally," says Simeon, in one of his letters, "put locks upon their pews, and would neither come to Church themselves nor suffer others to do so. Multitudes, from time to time, were forced to go out of church for want of necessary accommodation. I put then a number of forms, and erected at my own expense some *open seats;* but the churchwardens pulled them down, and cast them out of the church. To visit the parishioners in their homes was impracticable, for they were so embittered against me, that there was scarcely one that would admit me into his house."

Again, he says: "The churchwardens shut the church doors against me. On one occasion, when the congregation was assembled, it was found that the churchwarden had gone away with the key in his pocket. I therefore got a smith to open the doors for that time."

I remember that Charles Simeon well, but he was an old man when I knew him. I remember also that Trinity Church, and those doors which had been closed against him by his parishioners: it was equally impossible to enter them then, but it was from the crowds that filled the church.

He was a Church Reformer of his times: he lived to be an old man, and did what rarely happens—he saw the fruit of his labours.

Again, and in our own times, there arise a new set of Reformers, who urge self-denial, work, obedience, energy,—who point sternly to forgotten duties, to doctrines neglected, and discipline become obsolete; who admit of no compromise, no expediency measures; who are conscious that they have had a TRUST committed to them, and who will preserve it intact; who stand up for the WHOLE of their Master's will, for every doctrine that He has given, and for all alike; who belong to CHRIST'S kingdom, and show that they belong to it by obeying its laws, instead of trying to mend them by the measure of their own intellect; who belong to the Church of England, and show that they belong to it by relaxing nothing

of all that that Church requires, and by obeying its rules, because they promised to obey them. These men, like those who preceded them, are, by their very lives and doctrines, a living and perpetual reproach to a self-willed, self-indulgent, sensual generation. Like their predecessors, the Evangelicals, they are suspected and hated. Like that of S. Paul, their sect is every where spoken against. Like all Church reformers, they are persecuted. And some of them, like their more faint-hearted predecessors, have been driven from the Church they would have served. As the others sought rest in *Protestantism*, so these have sought rest in Rome, and like them also, not from preference, but as a refuge from the storm.

When I was at Plymouth last summer, I saw the precise counterpart of the scene I have been just relating. The very words with which Simeon described his first ministry at Trinity Church, Cambridge, would describe precisely Mr. Flower's first ministry at Christchurch, Plymouth, to which he was appointed temporary curate by the Bishop of Exeter, down to the very locking of the doors and sending for the smith to open them. Nay, even bands of ladies, who might have remembered the Roman epitaph, "domum mansit, lanam fecit," and stayed at home and minded their crochet-work, went round the town canvassing an insurrection against the Tractarian. The Bishop of Exeter was as firm as the Bishop of Ely had been in the case of Simeon: and when I next visited Plymouth, a deputation had been sent to the patron, praying him to institute that very curate; and a deputation of sixty communicants was waiting on that curate with an address, thanking him for his zealous ministrations among them. This was another Church reformer.

As the first of these sets of Church builders and restorers were stigmatised as "Christians"—as the first of those in our own times were called "Methodists," and the second "Evangelicals," so these, the third set, are held up to popular clamour as "Tractarians." All, and all alike, are objects of popular dislike and distrust, and all for the same reason,—human nature loves darkness rather than light, because its deeds are evil; but only so long as its deeds are evil.

The reformer of the state sets his energies against evils affecting this world; he ministers to the body, and is popular. The reformer of the Church sets his energies against evils affecting the world to come; he sacrifices the body to the soul, and is hated. So it is, and so it always will be.

There is, however, one cheering element in all this. Although

the Wesleyans were driven, in a body, into schism, and the Evangelicals, who succeeded them, were shattered indeed, and dispersed, and many of them were lost entirely, or for a season, still the greater portion of them remained within the pale of their Church, and are with us still, either in the ranks of the "Tractarians," or in their own still existing, though diminished, party. But of the present reformers we have lost comparatively few in number, who, as it was impossible that they could join those who made no pretence even to be a Church, have found their refuge in Rome. We do not undervalue our losses: we have lost some of our most active, most learned, most pious, and most zealous men: we have lost them too, at a time when we could least spare them, when every hand was wanted for the work. Still, they are but few; none compared with the THOUSANDS severed from the Church on the two former occasions.

You are surprised to hear me say that we, the Tractarians, have lost comparatively few from the ranks of the Church, when the public prints, Romanist and Low Church alike, are ringing the changes on the enormous number of secessions to Rome.

Deep cause have we to lament these secessions, for to our shame and our sorrow must we confess, that they have taken place among our best. Our loss is grievous; but if we reckon by numbers, to what does that loss amount? Have there been a thousand conversions in all England? It is a great many. But of Wesley's followers, and they were Churchmen once, in 1770 there were 29,000 lost to the Church: in 1780 there were 43,000: in 1790 there were 71,000: in 1800 there were 109,000. This is why I say our losses are comparatively nothing. What are 1000 to 109,000? And do you think that 300,000 would cover our losses at this day to this one schism? This is what I call a loss. We must not measure numbers by excitement. Twenty men would make a crowd in a small room. I do not undervalue the 1000; I regret them exceedingly; but I rejoice that our losses are not now what they used to be. I say, that all this is a decisive proof of general advance in Churchmanship and general gain to the Church. It shows not only diminution of prejudice in the minds of the public, but the establishment and recognition of firmer, truer, better, and more Churchmanlike principles on the part of the Reformers. The Wesleyan and the Evangelical movements were successful far above what appeared on the surface of society; they did their work, and they made their way for a third. It is like the advancing tide against a sand-bank; wave after wave is beaten back, and,

apparently without result melts into the great ocean undistinguished: but it has done its work; it has opened the way for its successor, it has shaken that which it was unable to remove. The irresistible tide comes on; wave after wave gains ground, till at last, that which once looked so firm, so solid, so impenetrable, so immoveable, is overwhelmed and dissipated in the advancing waters.

This is the conquest of truth over prejudice. But in the meanwhile, though prejudice be gradually giving way, it is a fact, and an admitted fact, that no man likes to be told that he is wrong—no man likes to be waked out of sleep—it does not follow that men are always in a state to discern who are their real friends, or what is true kindness and charity. When Captain Cook went on his survey round the world, there was attached to the expedition in the capacity of naturalist, a learned Swede of the name of Solander; and when a party from the ships landed in Patagonia, Dr. Solander accompanied them. It was in the depth of winter and a cold south wind accompanied with driving snow surprised the explorers at a distance from their encampment. Dr. Solander called the party round him. "I have had some experience of this," said he, "in my own countries, and you have had none; attend to my advice, for upon it depend your lives. We must resolutely set our faces to get back to the encampment; we must do this without stopping, for the danger lies in falling asleep. I warn you that the men, as their blood grows cold, will ask to be allowed to rest—do not permit them for one moment—urge them, urge them with blows—urge them with the bayonet if necessary—the wish to stop is the first symptom of the blood refusing to circulate—to yield to it is death."

The party moved on, the wind blew, and the snow fell, and the frost cut them through and through; but stout English hearts held on still. There was no prayer for rest; there was no wish to stop, or, if there was, it was suppressed and kept under by a firm strong will, until at last, to the surprise of all, the Swedish doctor himself asked for a halt, only for five minutes, he said, and they would all get on so much better after it. The lieutenant in command of the party paused a moment, but he recollected the doctor's own earnest admonitions. "No," said he, "urge him on, drive him on, beat him if necessary, do not let him stop for one moment, or he dies." The doctor expostulated, but the men had had their orders, and acted upon them; he stormed, but British discipline was far beyond the reach of his anger—Swedish temper

is somewhat of the shortest, and the doctor grasping his pole laid about him stoutly, beating this man, pushing at another, kicking a third, still the men drove him on, till at last his blood being got into circulation by his own exertions and the energy of his friends, he awoke to a sense of his danger, and lived to thank his companions for the rough but salutary remedy, and to confess that he owed his life to the steadiness of British discipline and the hearty thwacks of British oak.

Moral. Our best friends are not always those who give way to our ill-judged wishes, but it does not therefore follow that we are thankful to them at the time.

But after all, who are these rough friends to the English Church; who are the Tractarians; what are the Tractarians; what do they believe, or do, or teach? I might ask this question to every one of you separately, and I should not get from one a definite answer. I never did, often as I have put it. The sect is everywhere spoken against, but when one comes to ask men, why? what for? we get no answer. They build churches? yes:—schools? yes:—they say their prayers? yes, far oftener than we have ever seen it. They read their Bible? yes, the whole of it, four chapters every day. They give alms? yes, they are always preaching about it. They do preach then? yes, constantly, and catechise too. Do they spread the Church of CHRIST among the heathen? yes, they have founded colleges for that very thing; they are continually sending out both Bishops and Priests. That seems very like Christians—why then do you hate and persecute them; what harm do they do? we know they teach in surplices; what do they teach in them that is wrong? Who ever got a reasonable answer to this question? The most reasonable that I ever got was that they read prayers every morning and called them vespers, which was wrong certainly, and a mistake, but not, one would think, of sufficient importance to account for all this disturbance. Who knows really anything about them?

This is a question which really was asked not long ago in a court of law, and people did not seem much more ready with their answer. There was a case brought before Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce in his court, about a bequest made by some eccentric individual, in which all sects were included by name. But special exceptions were made against Roman Catholics, Protestant Episcopalians, and Puseyites. "Roman Catholics," said the judge: "that is clear enough. Protestants of the Episcopal Church? well, I suppose I can make out what is meant by that. But Puseyites?

—Puseyites?"—looking round the court—"can any of my learned brethren tell what *are* Puseyites?" An universal silence. "What! does nobody know what Puseyites are?"—it seems they did not—for nobody answered.

Nothing is known about them for certain; yet they are people that you meet with every day. You meet Frenchmen, and Germans, and Italians every day, and you like to find out what sort of people they are, and therefore you read books about Paris and the Parisians, Vienna and the Austrians, Rome and the Italians, and when you think of these people you are not altogether at a loss. Nay, you give yourselves some trouble to see what sort of animals lions and tigers are, for you pay your shilling at the gate of the Zoological Gardens and read Buffon. Would you not like to know what sort of animals are these Tractarians, from some better source than some of those who have been lecturing in this place?

To be ignorant on subjects which we are constantly meeting with is, to say the least of it, awkward. Take an instance,—a stage coach was starting, it matters not from what place, or where it was going to, I do not know myself, but its only inside passenger was a worthy, comely, well-fed, and well-intentioned dame. Just before the coach drove out of the inn yard, the guard opened the door, and a quiet parson-like, middle aged gentleman, with a meek aspect and a benevolent smile, took his place by her side. Journeys by stage coach take a long while in performing, and, before they had arrived at their respective destinations, the parties in question had had time for a good deal of conversation. Being each prepossessed with the other's appearance and sentiments, they had formed what may be termed a stage coach intimacy. The lady talked much, as ladies of that age are apt to do, of the wickedness of the times, "and then those Puseyites," said she; "those wicked Popish Puseyites—they are worse than all put together—whatever shall we come to!"

"Puseyites, ma'am?" said the gentleman; "what are they, and what wickedness do they commit?"

"Is it possible, sir," said the lady, "that you have never heard of those Puseyites, that are turning the world upside down?"

The meek gentleman admitted that he had heard of such people, but that he did not know a great deal about them, and as for turning the world upside down, the lady had just admitted, that she did not see much good in the side which was now uppermost.

"Do you know," said she confidentially, speaking in a low

solemn voice, and laying her hand upon his arm, "do you know that Dr. Pusey himself sacrifices a lamb every Friday?"

"Nonsense! my dear madam," said the gentleman, "I assure you he does no such thing."

"I don't know what you mean by nonsense, sir," said the lady, drawing herself up, and speaking with becoming dignity. "I suppose you do not mean to doubt my word: and, I assure you, I have it from the very best authority, that it is as I tell you, Dr. Pusey sacrifices a lamb every Friday."

"But madam, my dear madam," said he deprecatingly, "I am Dr. Pusey, and I never sacrificed a lamb in my life; I have not the heart to do it; and I don't know how to kill it either."

This is all very well, and very laughable, as far as the surface goes. As a mere story, no one probably enjoyed it more than the individual to whom it happened; but whenever we give it a deeper thought, and begin to look beyond the surface, it is very sad, and very wicked; because ludicrous as it seems, it is in truth a breach of the ninth commandment of GOD, and a proof, if indeed proof were wanted, that this particular instance was only one out of many, all of them perhaps not quite so innocent.

The respectable, decent old lady in question was, no doubt, not an intentional breaker of GOD'S commandments: she would have been horrified at the thought of it. She fully believed every word that she said. But she had taken up a story to the detriment of her neighbour's character, on grounds so light, that to us they appear ridiculous. She had been nourishing a prejudice, and she was then and there disseminating that prejudice. Whatever might be her feelings, they were not Christian charity, for charity "thinketh no evil; charity rejoiceth not in iniquity,"—that is to say, in finding out or imagining iniquity in other people,—"but rejoiceth in the truth."

Railing of this kind, or indeed of any kind, in the long run invariably reacts upon itself, and injures the cause it appears to serve. Machiavel indeed says, that a lie believed for half an hour may change the fate of kingdoms. And this may be true: but then it must be acted upon within the half hour: it must not be about any thing that lasts so long, as to suffer the excitement to die away. When people have time to consider, they begin to find out that all is not true which has been so virulently asserted; they begin then to run into the opposite extreme, and to believe that nothing is true; then they come to think that they have done injustice, and Englishmen, of whom justice is the boast and

characteristic, are peculiarly sensitive on this head; and then they go just as much into the opposite error, by way of making it up.

Most of you have heard of the "Freischutz," and a very instructive opera it is, if you will only keep an eye to the allegory, instead of thinking of the story. A huntsman, to forward his own purposes, seeks the devil, and together they cast seven bullets, six of these are to strike wherever the caster wills, but the seventh is to be the devil's, and is to recoil and strike the caster, who throughout the whole piece is never certain which of them all he is putting into his rifle, and at last is struck down by his own shot.

These seven bullets are Evil speaking, and when we use the devil's weapons, we get the devil's wages; sooner or later we hurt ourselves by our own efforts, and what is more, injure our own cause, however good and righteous in itself that cause may be.

Most of you have heard of King James II., and have been accustomed to consider him as the king who lost his crown because he attempted, contrary to his coronation oath, to introduce Popery into the kingdom of England.

You are quite right as a matter of history, that was the reason why he lost his crown; but perhaps you would be astonished to hear, that that same James, when Duke of York, and a very young man, had been a sort of confessor for the English Church.

It was so. During the time of the Commonwealth, when the English Royal family were residing at the French court, both the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester suffered at the hands of Henrietta Maria, what to young men of their age must have amounted to almost a persecution. There are extant several very beautiful letters from both Charles and James to their younger brother, exhorting him to persevere and to remain faithful to the Church of his baptism. He did remain faithful, and died a member of that Church. And what was it that turned both his advisers, Charles and James, to Popery? Not persecution, nor the influence of their mother. We have James's own account of his conversion, in a letter which he wrote many years afterwards to his own daughter Mary. In this, after alluding to the stand he had once made against Romish teaching, he attributes his conversion entirely to the virulence of the court preachers, during that disgraceful period of the English history which is commonly known by the name of the Popish Plot. These men, he said, drove him to examine for himself; he felt disgusted at what he

heard, and he determined to see for himself what that religion was which they gave themselves so much trouble in denouncing. He consulted, he said, the most eminent of its divines, and they convinced him not only of the groundlessness of the charges, but of the truth of their religion itself. Thus it was, and thus it always will be: men see what is wrong, and then they *will* mistake the reverse of wrong for right. And if, as I propose to show you presently, the present disorders and general inefficiency of the Church of England may be traced back to the secession and consequent abdication of King James, it follows that we owe all these things to the virulence of those court preachers, who, in the days of Titus Oates, thought they were strengthening the Church of England by uttering invectives against the Church of Rome.

Hear an instance of this. I can vouch for its truth, for it happened almost under my own eyes. In one of the sea-port towns in the west of England (I need not say which, for though the event which I am going to relate happened some years ago, there might be still persons living in that town, whose feelings I should be sorry to hurt,—in *one* of the sea-port towns, then,) there lived a very worthy, hard-working Protestant curate. He was a good man, and a good parish priest in many points, though not a very wise one. But he had a monomania. He had an idea that the Pope of Rome was Antichrist, and that he had a special mission to preach against him. True it is, that his parishioners were simple Protestants; that they had never seen a Roman Catholic in their lives, and had no more idea of Transubstantiation than they had of the Binomial Theorem. That was no fault of his; and thus year after year did that good man fulfil his mission. Sunday after Sunday did his Protestant thunder shake the walls of the little church; and if the Pope had only heard him!—but the Pope lived in Rome, and in the meanwhile

> "He was Sir Oracle; when he oped his mouth
> No Popish dog did bark."

There was no Popish dog to bark. Whether his parishioners profited by all this, or whether they went home

> "Compounding for sins they were inclined to,
> By damning those they had no mind to,"

it is impossible to say. "Thus happily the days of Thalaba went by," till on one unlucky Sunday morning, in the porch of his own church, and in the presence of his own churchwardens, and fully

half of his "respectable" congregation, who had assembled there for their Sunday's gossip, he was accosted by a well-dressed gentlemanlike man in black; He was much edified, he said, by his reverence's powerful discourse; in fact, he was well nigh brought to a sense of his errors, for he must confess, that hitherto he had held the doctrines of the Romish Church. There were however a few questions which he was desirous to have explained, and which he could not very well interrupt the sermon to ask in church, would his reverence kindly meet him the next day in the town hall, when they might each explain to the other the tenets of their respective faiths? In an evil hour the poor parson consented; for alas, his adversary was a Romish Priest, a practised disputant. These men, wise in their generation, never suffer their priests to handle controversial subjects till their talent for doing so has been well ascertained, a point in which I wish we imitated them. In fact this individual had been sent down for the express purpose. The result may easily be imagined. They met in the presence of half the parish; our poor friend, versed perhaps in the Bible so far as mere texts were concerned, but very doubtful about what were and what were not the doctrines of his own Church, immeasurably ignorant about those of his adversary, hazarded wild assertions, which were disproved; maintained impracticable points, which were turned to his own disadvantage; got confused; got angry; and, though perfectly on the right side, had he only known where he was, or how to handle his weapons, left the field to his quiet, meek, and smiling adversary.

Moral.—Depend upon it, whenever we talk big against any men, or class of men, even though it be against the Pope of Rome, it is as well to have some knowledge of the subject on which we talk. For the most effective weapon against any adversary is, when we do possess information, plain truth; when we do not, prudent silence.

In the town of Newbury, in Berkshire, there is a Dorcas Society. It is composed, of course, of ladies. Why ladies are said to be more given to talk than we men, I am sure I do not know. However, one of their number died, and left the society a legacy, on condition that they met once a year in a given place, to listen to Wesley's Sermon on Evil Speaking.

My dear public, if ever I leave you a legacy—don't expect too much, I have no immediate intention of doing any such thing, but if I do—I will attach the very same condition to my bequest. The very best reader that can be procured shall read you that

sermon: and no one shall enjoy his legacy who has not listened to Wesley's Sermon on Evil Speaking.

In order to give you some insight into the history of the modern reformers, whatever names they may happen to go by, or any thing like a correct view of their aims and objects, we must first examine into the state of the English Church, and see in what respects it had evinced symptoms of natural decay, and consequently on what points restoration was necessary. There had been times in its history, when that decay had extended to the doctrines of the Church. The work of the reformers in King Henry's time had been to compare the then existing doctrines with those of the primitive Church, and to ascertain wherein during the course of ages, these doctrines had been added to or diminished from. But this was not the case in these later times. The doctrines of the English Church, thank heaven, had been so confirmed and verified by the earlier reformers,—so fixed, and stamped, and sealed in the Prayer Book by the conferences of King James's and King Charles the Second's time, that no subsequent negligence has ever been able to shake them. They never were shaken, but they lay dormant; the people had forgotten them, ay, and the clergy too many of them. Discipline had become so relaxed, that men had no idea what the words Priest and Bishop meant, simply because the Priest and the Bishop were seldom or never presented to their eyes as ambassadors of CHRIST and stewards of the mysteries of GOD. They considered them, what indeed most of them were, gentlemen or noblemen who had, no doubt, certain duties to perform, but who lived *in* the world, and *with* the world, and, for any thing they could see, very like any other members of the world.

And what was the effect of all this? Let me ask you one question which will serve to show you what the effect was. What is your idea of the word Parson?

I remember, when I was ordained deacon, I was staying at the Bishop's palace, and being in conversation with the Bishop's wife, I carelessly used the word Parson. "Hush! hush!" said she, "you must not talk in that way now, you must say Clergyman, not Parson." Why? When I went home I turned to Blackstone's Commentaries, and found there, that the term Parson is "the most honourable, the most beneficial title by which an ecclesiastic can be designated, because it is, Persona ecclesiæ, the personification or representation of the Church itself. I made the extract and sent it to the Bishop's wife, and from that day to

this, Parson has been my name. My friends speak of me as *the* Parson. They address me as Parson, my parishioners down to the poorest of them call me Parson Newland, and I myself am proud of the name and title. But for all that the Bishop's wife was right—that name once so honourable, and now again, thanks to other restorations, creeping slowly back into honour, had, at the time I am speaking of, become desecrated and degraded. I asked you just now what was your idea of the word Parson: is it not derived from the old caricatures where the Parson is represented with a fat paunch and a pimply nose, carrying away the tithe pig, while the old sow is pulling at his skirts; or else presiding with a maudlin eye and drunken leer, over the orgies of the parish club? And there was truth in all this, not of course to the extent represented in the caricature, or as far as men's imaginations went. But it must be confessed that there was some truth beneath the surface of these sarcasms, and a good deal of it. We have in one of Archdeacon Paley's charges, a gentle insinuation, that though he would not interfere with the social enjoyments of his clergy, he did not think it looked well that the Parson of the parish should lounge about the door of the public house with a pipe in his mouth.

Now do not mistake me. I do not say that this was the type of all the clergy even in the worst of times, or even of the majority; but I do say that such characters did exist: that the Church was too supine, and the people too indifferent to do away the reproach, and that they existed in sufficient numbers to stamp disgrace on the name of Parson in the estimation of the public.

And I ask you also this. Although such may be your conventional ideas of Parsons derived from old writings and old prints, did you ever yourselves see any thing of this sort? Parsons may be worldly, some of them, now, and may be covetous—for after all they are but men; but they are not so openly covetous or shamelessly worldly as to justify such caricatures now. An instance now and then may occur, but he who furnishes it is not suffered now to disgrace his holy calling, he is suspended or expelled the Church; such caricatures are out of date now, neither do you see any such. Just call to mind what the present style of caricature is: how are we Puseyites represented? not as running off with tithe-pigs or roaring drunken songs, but fasting, praying, and such like. Now without venturing any opinion about fasting and praying, at all events they are better things than the old-fashioned drunkenness and debauchery.

This proves two things; 1st, that, so far as discipline was concerned, a reform was needed. And 2ndly, that for some cause or other, and what that cause is we will afterwards discuss, a reform to a certain extent has taken place.

And in doctrines also a reform was needed and to a great extent is needed yet—not such a reform as was needed 300 years ago, because for the reason I told you the doctrines had not been altered or innovated upon, but that did not prevent their being forgotten. They had been put aside as inconvenient lumber. Morality had become the teaching of the day.

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,"

is the sentiment of the most popular poet of the day; I am happy to say the poet himself did not belong to our Church, but to that of Rome: still that sentiment was re-echoed and applauded as falling in with the religious notions of the times. Works and human merit formed the popular religion. What wonder then that articles of faith, when drawn again into light, looked cumbersome, heavy, and old fashioned? But of this we will speak more at large presently; what I am speaking of now relates to matters of discipline, and hitherto I have spoken of it as relates to the clergy only, but the Church does not consist of clergy only, but of clergy and laity.

To say that there was ever a time, since the days of the Apostles and Apostolic men, when the Church did fully and completely perform the whole of its duty, without presuming on it and arrogating to itself an undue exercise of power on the one hand, or on the other, without shrinking from it or compromising it, would be to say, not only what is not true, but what is not possible. Divine institutions are managed by fallible men, and men are subject to the infirmities of humanity. But to fix a time when the Church did exercise its spiritual powers, did order its clergy, did restrain its laity—did present the aspect, not of a religion only, but of what it is called in the Bible—a kingdom, with its laws, its ordinances, and its constitution—is a task not so difficult. Nor is it so difficult to show that there was one particular point in its history from which it began to fall, nor why it was that it began to fall from that date, nor how, when it had ceased to discharge its mission, it began to lose its hold upon the minds of the people. Nor how, except the LORD had left in us a very small

remnant, "we had been as Sodom and we had been like unto Gomorrha." My belief is that in their turns, the Wesleyans, the Evangelicals, and now the Tractarians, have been, and are, GOD's instruments for saving the Church—not saving her from any foreign danger that I know of—Papal aggression or State interference, but saving her from herself; saving her from becoming so effete, so worthless, so utterly inadequate to her holy mission, that the LORD Himself would be compelled as it were to remove her candlestick, and that we should then fall by dispersion, by invasion, by oppression, by disruption, by any of the thousand means which are a sword in GOD's hand when He would punish or destroy.

The time that I shall choose from which to take the history of the Church, and to mark its decline and revival, is from the last days of James the Second's reign, not that the Church had not had its fluctuations in discipline and in efficiency before those times, neither that it was at that time by any means perfect, but that it did act then for the last time openly and evidently as a Church, both in administering its internal discipline, and in resisting, and resisting successfully, Papal aggression and State encroachment at once.

From those days down to our own, the Church has gradually been losing its legitimate action; its energies have been cramped by those who ought to have strengthened them, and it has fallen more and more into a state of slumber; first, it disused, then it forgot, then it lost its powers, until it seemed utterly hopeless to attempt a revival. The whole head was sick and the whole heart faint. I will show you what I mean by giving you an instance. I say the Church is powerless.

You have I doubt not a very distinct remembrance of what was called the Popish Aggression last year. I speak of it now as I wrote of it then, in a little pamphlet of mine called "Whom has the Pope aggrieved?" I say now as I said then, that it was to the Church of England a grievance, a wrong, a deliberate and wilful, and moreover an unprovoked and gratuitous denial of our Church, our orders, and our baptism; a blotting us out, as far as the word of man can blot us out, of the map of Christendom, a treating us like heathens. You were incensed, you were angry, and very naturally so; you remember no doubt how you showed it; the meetings and the speechifyings, and the hard words and the strong resolutions; you will not forget the endless and reiterated debates in the House of Commons, and the wearying, weary-

ing, opposition of those Irish members, called very appropriately the Pope's brass band. And with all this, what has been done? Why! there are the intrusive Bishops still. There is the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the Bishop of Birmingham, whose existence is illegal; it was only last summer when I was in Plymouth, that there was a grand installation of its intrusive Bishop. With all your clamour you are just where you were, you have said much, but you have done little, and that little is disregarded, and into the bargain we have the satisfaction of finding that while the rules of their Defence association are signed by Paul, Primate of all Ireland, in their papers our Bishops are spoken of as Mr. Sumner, Mr. Blomfield, Mr. Gilbert.

It was about this time last year that I wrote thus. After relating the aggression of a remarkably fine lion into the camp of Mr. Gordon Cumming, I said: "our quiet Church has just been roused up from its slumbers by a similar inroad, in like manner the lion was a remarkably fine one, in like manner, the hounds were slipped, and in like manner instead of running their natural game, they have fallen to fighting and quarrelling among themselves. *The lion of course will get off unscathed, if indeed he does not chop up some of us by the way.* Was this a prophecy? at all events it has come true; the lion is unscathed, and some of us are chopped up. Yes, this comes of opposing spiritual weapons by carnal. This is the way the State fights the battles of the Church. This is the way the Church fights when her hands are tied and her voice is stopped.

But was it always so? was this the first aggression which the Pope has attempted on the English Church? No, that it was not; nor was it the most formidable. Let me go back to the times I have spoken of. Let me call your attention to a few historical facts, that I may show you what the English Church was once, though even then in a sadly corrupted and degraded state. Let me show you what she did then. And though much that Macaulay has said of her be sadly true even in those times, let me show you how faithful she was then, and the point to which as a preliminary to internal reforms, we Tractarians would restore her.

The Popish aggression of those days of James the Second was not what it was in ours, it was urged with all the weight of hereditary monarchy, and all the influence of the court, and all the power of government,—the king—the king of England himself was the leader of the aggression.

What was the bulwark against Popery then? not our "dissenting brethren, they had been bribed, cajoled, deceived, and flattered by the Toleration Act. Three poor cold pamphlets were all the defence they offered, and these," as their historian observes, "stole out as it were by moonlight, as if the authors were ashamed of them, as perhaps they had some reason to be."

"By flattering the monarch, they encouraged him in that course which issued in his ruin, and which he could not have pursued so long, had they acted faithfully like the Bishops and clergy." Who were King James's encouragers and supporters in his attempts to bring the Romish religion into England? Penn the Quaker, and Cave the Dissenter,—who buoyed him up, and urged him on with delusive expectations, and so involved him that in the end it was found impossible to resist the introduction of the Romish forms of worship without the deposition of the king and almost the recasting of the constitution? The Dissenters—Scott writes thus,—"The Dissenters had at one time coquetted with James II., and showed some disposition to accommodate themselves to his plans of arbitrary power, in order to gratify their vengeance by enjoying the degradation, and perhaps the fall, of the Church of England." Some disposition indeed! Alsop's address on the subject, in so many words, "wishes the king success in his great councils and affairs."

And who was it, who at that time, alone and unaided, save by the deep strong voice of the people she had taught, who was it who stood in the gap and made up the breach? I say the Church of England. She had not then been shorn of her convocation, nor were her Bishops then appointed by the prime minister. Two hundred and thirty distinct treatises put forth by her members attest at once her learning and her determination. "The influence of the Government was used to prevent the clergy from introducing the subject into their pulpits, but a stern sense of duty led them to persevere." The infatuated King persisted, and the fatal declaration of Indulgence was put forth, which, though nominally embracing all sects, was obviously intended for the admission of the Romanists. All the clergy were commanded to read it from their pulpits, and among the thousands in England, two hundred only were found to do it. A deputation of seven Bishops headed by their Primate, all indeed who could be collected on so short a notice, waited on the King. Fancy a deputation of Bishops in our times waiting upon the Queen to protest against suspicion of heresy or papal or erastian aggression on the Church

of CHRIST; there have been opportunities enough for it if that were all that was wanted.

"Please your majesty," said Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, "we are bound to fear GOD and honour the King; we desire to do both, we will honour you, but we *must* fear GOD." "Ken," said the King, "I will be obeyed." "GOD's will be done," said the Prelate.

They were all sent to prison, and the result is well known: their trial, the influence used to procure their condemnation, their acquittal, and the burst of wild acclaim that greeted them, the heartfelt sympathies of a mighty nation; from street to street it echoed, caught up, repeated, and renewed by concurrent multitudes, heard even at the camp at Hounslow, and returned from thence with louder shout and wilder joy. "Sire! it is a revolt," said an affrighted courtier. "It is a revolution," said the King.

And so it was,—the liberties of CHRIST's Church had been invaded. "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper," was the prophecy of old time, and it was fulfilled now, for the Church was faithful. Within a very few months, he who had invaded those liberties was himself a fugitive, deserted by his own family, deserted by his false friends and faithless flatterers, deserted by all except the Church he had forsaken and oppressed, he sat a pensioner at the court of his rival and his enemy.

This is the way the Church when faithful fights; her "strength is to sit still." "There is no doubt," as Dalrymple says, "that the petition and imprisonment of the Bishops was the immediate cause of King James's dethronement," indeed the King himself admits it; yet in that revolution the Church had no hand from first to last, she took no aggressive steps, she stood firm, and let GOD fight for her; her weapons were a steady and quiet determination to do her duty, a firm but calm resistance to requirements which were incompatible with her mission. She conquered by suffering, and he who had assaulted her, like a man who has rushed against an earth-fast rock, fell indeed, but fell by the violence of his own assault.

Now shift the scene,—unroll a few years farther on the page of History. The Revolution is accomplished. The change no doubt is far greater, far more sweeping than its promoters had even contemplated: it is ever thus—man may raise the storm of revolution, it is GOD alone who can control, direct, or allay it.

The wary prince who had been called in as a mediator, had assumed for himself the reins of government; the people of

England wished indeed for the redress of their grievances, but they had no desire to cast off their allegiance. William saw his advantage and kept it. He had placed the nation between the alternatives of accepting him on his own terms, or restoring unconditionally their deposed and exasperated king. The nation had never contemplated this, but state craft and policy were successful. The sins of the fathers were visited on the children; not only was James deposed, who from the breach of his own coronation oath might in some sense be said to have forfeited the allegiance of his subjects, but his son, who had neither taken that oath nor broken it, nor was of an age capable of taking or breaking it, was excluded from the kingdom also. It was the triumph of expediency; England had grievances to be redressed, but she chose to redress them in her own way, instead of in GOD'S way; by the rule of expediency rather than of principle. She gained her point, and she reaped the fruits of it. She repaired her political constitution, but it was at the expense of grievous damage to her Church.

The land was at peace,—William was firmly seated on the throne; but where were the Bishops who had so lately shown themselves the firm bulwarks of the English Church,—where the firm opponents of the Romish encroachment? Dispersed, deposed, deprived of their titles, banished from their sees; they could not take the oaths of allegiance to William. If James had forfeited their allegiance, his son had not. William was not their rightful King, and as their rightful King they could not acknowledge him. The consequence was their deprivation: whether the act were popular or unpopular, he could not permit that which was a continual protest against his authority. He was in the position of Jeroboam, the course of truth and justice would have led inevitably to his own dethronement. Voluntarily, he had placed his foot on the ladder of ambition. Voluntarily, he had ascended a throne which was not his; having done this, he ceased to be a free agent; there was now no retreat, the course of events swept him on, the position he had achieved must be maintained, even though the next step were upon the Church of GOD.

The next step *was* upon the Church of GOD. From this we may date the corruption of the Church. For from the deposition of those nine Bishops and those four hundred Clergy, we may date the deadness and lethargy in which the English Church has been slumbering, and the corruptions and abuses which are its natural consequences: a lethargy so deadly, corruptions so deep, that we cannot doubt but that the raising up of the Wesleyans and the

Evangelicals of former times, and of the Tractarians now, were so many merciful dispensations of Providence for preserving the life of the English Church.

The first and immediate consequence of the act of deprivation was to place a division between the Bishops and the diocesan Clergy. No man with any pretensions to churchmanship, no man of weight or influence in the Church could be prevailed upon to accept a bishopric which was not ecclesiastically vacant: men were actually solicited to accept; the deprived Bishops were actually negociated with to return and govern their dioceses, but in vain; King William would have chosen well, but he could not: it was no blame to him that his new Bishops were politicians and not churchmen; he could not help it—none else would fill the sees; he did what he could; he did choose men of learning, but he could not choose men who either had, or could gain, the confidence of the Clergy; who either had or could establish a spiritual authority over them.

Neither was the case much better in those dioceses in which the Bishops consented to take the oaths; their subserviency stood out in glaring contrast to the disinterestedness of their deprived brethren. It was evident that their oaths were taken against their consciences, and the time-serving Bishops gained no more confidence than the intrusive Bishops. In short, a worldly political set of men were raised to the Episcopate.

This led to perpetual and vexatious contests between the upper and lower houses of convocation; for the Church was in a manner free then and had her parliaments. It is useless now to inquire whether in these particular contests, or in the majority of them, the blame rested mostly with the upper or the lower house; it is evident that they were the necessary consequences of the want of confidence which existed between the two orders of the ministry; neither can it be denied that the effect of them was to impair the usefulness and influence of convocation. And this in a subsequent reign formed a plausible pretext for its suppression: convocation was suppressed by the temporal head of the Church, in order to quash the opposition which was expected to be made against the nomination of Hoadly, an avowed heretic, to the see of Hereford.

Now, citizens of England, imagine your position, if deprived of your parliaments, (corrupt as those parliaments might be,) by any sovereign whatever, in order to prevent you from opposing the undue elevation of an unworthy member of the cabinet. Imagine what would be your feelings as freemen and as Englishmen, and

tell me what *ought* to have been the feelings of the citizens of CHRIST'S kingdom then, at an act of arbitrary power so entirely similar. In your case would there not arise one burst of universal indignation from one end of the land to the other? Why was it not so then in the kingdom of CHRIST? Where were the successors of Sancroft, and Lloyd, and Ken? Why were there none now, as in earlier times, to court imprisonment and trial in the line of their duty, the service of their LORD, and to rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His sake?

Because there were none who *were* worthy. George did what James could not do, for corruption had already done its work. The Bishops, appointed now, not by the King with the advice of his Church, but by the King with the advice of his Prime Minister, that is to say by the Prime Minister himself—had become mere members of the House of Lords—continuators of the apostolic succession indeed, but without spiritual authority; that they had placed in abeyance along with their spiritual character. Their rule so far as it was enforced at all, was enforced by temporal penalties; spiritual censure was first unheeded, and then forgotten, nay, it had ceased to exist, for spiritual censure is not the arbitrary opinion of any individuals in the Church, but the solemn sentence of a Bishop in council. In those days no Bishop would have ventured to summon his diocesan synod, under the certainty of multiplying and bringing home to his own palace those scenes of recrimination and vexatious opposition, which he had witnessed in convocation; he would not do that, even though that Bishop was quite aware, as he could hardly fail of being, that without his synod his spiritual rule would be of little avail.

This is the state in which the Church was left. Its Bishops were without authority; its laws were without force; its Clergy did each that which was right in his own eyes, for the secular laws which alone were available, were far too cumbersome to be made use of; its laity were indifferent, how indeed could they be otherwise? and now all hope of internal reformation by its own legitimate action was cut off. The deliberative power of the Church was suppressed, and how was she for the future to resist foreign aggression? How was she to arrange internal differences? How was she to meet the changes of a changing world? Supposing her to become fully alive to all the deficiencies and errors that had crept into her system, how was she to remedy them? Whatever was wrong at that time, must remain wrong for ever, for with her parliament she had lost the power of remedying it.

Imagine any free and enlightened State—the State of England if you will, and tell that people that they must impose their taxes, and administer their internal justice, and conduct their foreign wars by acts passed in the reign of King William III. Imagine, if you can, the kingdom of England without its parliament, and then you will have some idea of the kingdom of CHRIST without its convocation.

Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the Church fell into a deep and deadly slumber; that her doctrines dwindled into mere morality, and her ministers sank into decent respectability; that so many among them lived as country gentlemen, followed the habits and pursuits of country gentlemen, performed the very minimum of duty which the law required, and were regarded by their flocks as country gentlemen. How could it be otherwise? How could they regard as an ambassador of CHRIST, that man who in no perceptible manner differed from their squire?

And what was there to keep up the tone either of the doctrine or the clergy? Episcopal oversight came to nothing. The Bishop neither saw, nor if he saw could he prevent; there was no civil law against hunting, or feasting, or dancing, or drinking. How could there be? What should we think of an act of Parliament limiting the number of times a man was to dine out in a twelvemonth, or forbidding him, under penalty of a month on the treadmill, from dancing at a ball? Spiritual censure was in abeyance; a Bishop's command was absolute, no doubt, but upon those only who chose to obey it.

And even in grosser cases, even in cases of open and notorious sin, what could a Bishop do without his synod? Arbitrary power is abhorrent to the English constitution and character. The Bishop was afraid to summon his synod, and yet he was powerless without it. That power which might safely be lodged in the hands of a Bishop in council, was refused, and rightly so, to the Bishop as autocrat and sole judge.

In consequence of this, the ecclesiastical laws were fenced round with so many checks, that for all practical purposes they were absolutely useless. Criminous laymen were utterly ignored, there were no such things; and criminous clerks were retained as a perpetual disgrace to the Church, because their removal was a matter of such enormous expense and difficulty, that few Bishops would venture to attempt it. I know an instance myself, and that within the last twenty years, when a conscientious but weak-

minded Bishop, actually bribed a clergyman to absent himself from his living, positively paying him out of his own pocket a subsidy, to enable him to carry himself and his disgrace to the continent; and paying, also out of his own pocket, a curate to perform his duty. I heard that Bishop say myself, that he did it, because he could not afford the expense of bringing him to justice, together with the risk of failing to establish legal proof, though the moral proof was certain. These are the straits into which Church discipline is driven; as for doctrine, what guarantee had the people that the doctrine preached from the Church's pulpits was not as parti-coloured as Joseph's coat? Who was there to be the judge of doctrine? Nay: what guarantee have you at this present moment? Recent decisions have shown you, that any beneficed clergyman may preach almost any doctrine of any assignable sect; that the civil tribunals will uphold him in it; and that his own Bishop cannot restrain him. And not unjustly either; for the Bishop sole is no legitimate judge of doctrine. The Canons of CHRIST'S Church, like the constitution of England, admit no autocratic power. The Presbyters are called by them the Bishop's co-rulers, and in his attempt to act independently of them, he loses his own legitimate authority.

Under such circumstances as these, I need not ask you whether it was wonderful that, during the last century many fell away, and more sunk into utter uselessness. I should ask you rather, whether it is not wonderful that the Church is still what we see it? Whether it is not a manifest proof of her Divine constitution, that we have so many earnest, hard-working, orthodox, and conscientious clergymen among us still? Remember, each one of us is working alone and without control; his own sense of his divine commission alone arousing his energies; his own sense of his ordination oaths alone restraining them within bounds. I say, the present existence of the Church of England is a positive miracle, a positive proof that the LORD is still among us. Show me another set of men on earth, who with so little supervision have done so much; with so much liberty, have erred so little. I repeat, the existence of the Church at all under circumstances so depressing, is a manifest proof of her divine commission.

This was the state to which the policy of the Third William, and the subsequent suppression of convocation had reduced the Church; but before long, its episcopal authority, and consequent discipline, were destined to receive a still more serious injury.

Thankful should we be to Him, Whose SPIRIT guides us, that

this blow was not permitted to fall on us during the dead and slothful times of the last century; nor until the exertions of the succession of reformers had in some degree called out the inherent energies of the Church.

From the times of King William, the appointment of Bishops had been transferred practically from the hands of the Sovereign to those of the Prime Minister. This in itself had been a great blow to episcopal authority, over both laity and clergy; not only because men soon became aware that Bishops were now selected on account of their political bias; not only because they saw them, in the House of Lords, ranging themselves under the banners of this or that political party, according as this or that party had been in power at the time of their consecration:—but because the selections were now made for the most part from that class who were the least capable of discharging the spiritual duties of the office. Men were called upon to become shepherds of shepherds, who had never been shepherds of sheep. The parish Priest, whose occupations and experience had been confined to the cure of souls and parish work, was of no use to the politician, and was in consequence seldom or never selected, though he was the man who alone knew how to guide parish Priests. It was the master of the school, or of the college,—it was he who had helped to train the rising generation of statesmen,—who was personally acquainted with them, and who might be hoped to influence them, either by past associations, or by Church patronage,—he it was who was selected. And thus the Bishop came to his diocese less conversant in the ordinary duties of his office, than the youngest incumbent under his rule. This fact could not but weaken still farther his influence, if not his authority, over his presbyters—the teacher required to be taught. It was destined to be weakened still farther.

Dissatisfied as men might have been with the selection of Bishops, they had no right to complain, because it was popularly supposed that we had the means of correcting it in our hands,—that the Church had the power, if she chose to exert it, of objecting to the consecration of improper persons. According to the laws of England, no man could be consecrated Bishop, until open proclamation had been three times made, and all who knew any thing against either the doctrine or morals of the Bishop designate, had been cited to come forward and make known their objections.

As long as this law remained inviolate, men had no reasonable grounds for objecting to this or that individual; he might not

perhaps be the most proper person in the world to be appointed Bishop, but they felt that if they themselves had by their silence acquiesced in the appointment, they were bound to uphold the authority they had not objected to.

Now let us again unroll the page of history, and place our finger on a date still more recent.

The scene is now the interior of a large church in the city of London. It is filled with anxious and excited crowds, for men are met to confirm the appointment of a Bishop. It is a confirmation of no ordinary character. The Bishop in question had been the intimate friend and constant associate of one who had since become an avowed Socinian: he was an author, and his writings were not only questionable, but had been questioned; he was an officer of the university of Oxford, and was lying under university censure; Bishops had dispensed with attendance on his lectures on the part of their candidates for orders, not being satisfied with the orthodoxy of the lecturer. These things were notorious, and it was notorious also that at that time there were men in the church who meant to claim the protection of English law, and to object to the confirmation of the Bishop, until such time as the writings in question should have been examined and the suspicion of heterodoxy disproved.

All stood in eager and anxious expectation as the service of the Litany drew to a close, and the Proctor, standing by the side of the Bishop elect, presented him before the congregation, and demanded, as by law he was bound to demand, that if there were any opposers to the confirmation of the Bishop they should be publicly called.

"Let the opposers be publicly called," said the Vicar-General.

The Apparitor-General rose up,—

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, all ye who may, or shall, or will, object to the consecration of the Rev. Renn Dickson Hampden, D.D., as Lord Bishop of the episcopal see of Hereford, now come forward and state your objections, and you shall be heard."

In obedience to this summons, Mr. Townsend rose, and declaring that he appeared in behalf of three clergymen then present, tendered his objections in writing.

"Mr. Townsend," said the Chancellor of the diocese, "you have no right to bring a libel; you are not permitted to appear."

In vain the case was argued, in vain authorities were cited in proof of what to an ordinary mind would seem incontrovertible, namely, that when a person was called upon to appear, he was per-

mitted to appear. The three legal authorities, the Vicar-General, the Chancellor, and the Master of the Faculties, agreed that it could not be, and the very individuals so cited and so standing before the congregation, stood by to hear themselves pronounced contumacious for not appearing, WHEN THERE THEY WERE.

One by one the writings were tendered, and opposition having been thus silenced, were accepted, and again the Proctor stood forth, as he was bound by law to do, and again prayed that all and singular the said opponents be again publicly called.

"Let the opponents be again publicly called," said the Vicar-General.

The Apparitor-General rose,—

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, all ye who shall, or may, or will, object to the consecration of the Rev. Renn Dickson Hampden, D.D., as Lord Bishop of the episcopal see of Hereford, now come forward and state your objections, and you shall be heard."

Mockery! Mockery! Humbug! Deceit! These were the cries that rang throughout the sacred edifice, and in the midst of such acclaim the Bishop elect kneeling took the oaths, and was "admitted" into the government and administration of the spirituals of the said Bishopric of Hereford in the Church of CHRIST. It was with this authorization that the Bishop, thus confirmed, went down to take charge of the diocese thus committed to his care. Is it wonderful that there are men in that diocese of Hereford, and there are many both clergy and laity, who declare that at this time there is no Bishop of Hereford, that the see is vacant? What do you suppose is the amount of episcopal authority at this moment over his diocese of a man so nominated, so elected, and so confirmed?

But if you imagine that the mischief was confined to that single diocese, you very much under-rate it. The whole episcopal authority throughout England did then and there receive a deadly blow. It had now become evident that the people,—I am not speaking of the clergy only, but the people, YOU—had no voice whatever in the selection of your Bishops, that you had been deprived of even the negative voice which the law allowed, that the appointment was the arbitrary act of the prime minister, and of him alone. If you had no confidence in the prime minister himself, by a vote to that effect you could procure his dismissal, but if you had no confidence in the Bishop he appointed, you might vote, you might object, you might appeal to the laws of the land, but he was forced upon you still. You will observe that the

transaction I have just related was absolutely independent of the truth of the accusation, was as unjust to the Bishop elect as it was to the people, for if they were denied the opportunity of establishing the truth of their objection, he was denied the opportunity of establishing his own innocence of the accusation; no one could tell whether the objection was valid or even what it was, for it was never heard. The Bishop might have been perfectly innocent, it would have been just the same. He might on the other hand have been an immoral character, he might have been an Atheist, no one could tell,—the papers were not looked into. "You are not permitted to *appear*," was the expression.

It is not idle nor invidious to bring forward these facts, for they are necessary for the justification of the course we have pursued. From that day the whole relation of the episcopate, with respect to the Church of England, laity and clergy, was changed, and from that day the establishment of Church Unions may be dated. The Church must be reformed, and the Bishops could not be the men to reform it. The task must devolve on the second order of the clergy, (for of the third only a shadow remained,) and on the laity; and therefore mixed associations of clergy and laity were formed throughout England, with the avowed intention of reforming abuses of the Church, and from that circumstance were called Church Unions. They had become necessary for this reason. That was now evident which before had been unwillingly suspected: that the Bishops were mere ministerial officers, not free agents; continuators indeed of the apostolic succession, necessary indeed as such to the existence of the Church and its preservation until better times; and to be obeyed, inasmuch as like the Scribes and Pharisees, they sat on Moses' seat, but not to be regarded as free and independent Bishops, because free and independent Bishops they were not; without their co-rulers, without their free synod and council they cannot be independent. They will not summon this council; they prefer that their authority shall be based on acts of parliament, and must expect that it be limited by their penal clauses.

It has been objected to us that we are inconsistent in this point of a Bishop's authority, that we magnify and uphold the office as long as we find it convenient, but that the moment we feel the check of episcopal control ourselves, we resist and disobey like other people.

We are not inconsistent: we honour, we magnify our Bishops; we consider them as they were considered in old times: "fathers

of fathers," and "highest of priests." We are not disloyal to them, any more than Sancroft and his brethren were disloyal to King James at that time when they were resisting his unconstitutional proceedings; any more than you are disloyal to your Queen, though as Englishmen you would resist if necessary, and resist without failing from your loyalty, any uncalled for suspension of the habeas corpus or a suppression of parliament.

The uncorrupted Church of CHRIST recognises no autocracy of any kind, except the autocracy of CHRIST. S. Paul did not of his own authority command that men should or should not be circumcised; he caused a council to be called,—*they* decided, *he* saw their decrees carried out. This is the Bishop's province, and so it was throughout the whole of the early Church. Councils decreed,—general, provincial, diocesan,—according to the importance of the subject; Bishops were the executive, not the legislative.

Autocratic Bishops there have been, but they were the growth of after ages. They were what you call many things,—Popish innovations; neither has the matter been much improved of late years by the Erastian element which the State has associated with them.

It is to the constitutional Bishop, it is to the Bishop in council legislating, or to the Bishop sole executing the laws of the council, that we owe obedience, not to the Bishop issuing his own arbitrary commands.

As Bingham remarks, speaking of S. Ignatius, the Bishops and Presbyters are always joined together; when therefore, to quote the words of another eminent authority, "we are instituted into our livings, we have rights of spiritual jurisdiction conferred upon us as sacred as those of the Bishop himself, who if he invades those rights incurs the guilt which is incurred by any other usurper." This is the explanation of our seeming inconsistency.

This is the present state of discipline in the English Church. And you must see that, fettered in this manner, she is incapable of action, and is not and cannot be what her Founder designed her for. She is not practically a witness and keeper of holy writ, for she has no voice to make her judgment known. She has not power to confirm her own doctrine, for her interpretation of doctrine is overruled by a civil court. She is not even a guardian of morals, for she cannot so much as censure, far less excommunicate, any individual whose life is a disgrace to her.

It is impossible that a Church can for any length of time exist under such circumstances, any more than a tree can exist with the

flow of its sap permanently stopped. Its inherent vigour will put forth its leaves and carry on its life for a time, but it must either collect strength and vigour to burst through the obstacle, or it must pine and die. The Church must either burst out again as a Church of CHRIST, proclaiming the voice of its Master, or it must dwindle into an establishment with no voice but that of the prime minister. To remain what it is is impossible.

This is the reason why the Church needs Reformers, and the best proof that she is not yet cast off is that Reformers are continually raised up among us. The Wesleyans contended for the lost discipline of the Church. The Evangelicals contended for the forgotten doctrines of the Atonement. We strike at the root of all this evil,—we protest against that which caused both discipline and doctrine to fall into abeyance; and that is, the fettered state of the Church, which prevents her from restraining the aberrations of her own members either in doctrine or in discipline. Our predecessors attacked the symptoms of the disease only, and in consequence their reforms were temporary, and what is worse—partial; we attack the disease itself.

The ground on which the *first* Tractarian alliance was formed, some twenty years ago, was the arbitrary suppression of ten bishoprics without the consent of the Church.

Since the nomination of Bishop Hampden, this movement, as I have just stated, has in most parts of England resolved itself into Church Unions. The grounds on which they are all formed are nearly the same: they are:—

1. A revival of Church Legislature, i.e. of Convocation.
2. The obtaining of a suitable Court of ultimate appeal in matters of doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline.
3. General Church extension.
4. An increase of the Episcopate, with some valid security against unfit appointments.
5. The restoration of Church discipline.

The questions that I would ask you are these:—

1. Are you satisfied with the present state of the Church of England? Do you think it is without abuses? Do you think it cannot be restored to something better than its present state; to at least that condition in which it was at the accomplishment of the Reformation in Queen Elizabeth's times—to the days of Archbishop Parker, or of Archbishop Sancroft?

2. If you think it may, do you feel yourselves at all justified in sitting still, and not lending a helping hand to those who are doing their utmost to restore it?

Let me now take into consideration one or two popular objections. You are afraid that Church Restoration, necessary or unnecessary, would give too great power to the Clergy; I have heard this sentiment expressed in so many words. "No!" men say, "this may be all very true, the state of things in the Church may be very bad, but in the days before the Reformation when you clergy had power, you misused it; we will take care that you shall not do so again, for now that we have got you down, we will keep you down."

Now I am not going to defend the state of things before the Reformation: I have no doubt but that all, clergy and laity alike, did require a radical reform after the close of a civil war which had lasted for two generations, and if they wanted it they had it.

But whatever might have been the aims of the clergy in those days, I defy any one to show now the least disposition to "lord it over GOD'S inheritance," in any of our clergy. If we appear to take a greater lead in ecclesiastical matters than is strictly our due, Lord Chichester shall tell you the reason why this apparent lead is forced upon us. "I confess," said his Lordship, "I do not like that the school should be so exclusively the clergyman's school." Why Lord Chichester should not like that they to whom is committed the teaching of the whole parish should also superintend the teaching of the young, it would be difficult to say; "but," continues his Lordship, "I do not see how this is to be averted, for the Clergyman is frequently the only man who seems to take any interest in the matter."

That is the reason;—we are forward in these things, but it is not because we step forward, it is because you hang back. Try this,—come forward, take an interest yourselves in Church matters, join us, and you will find no undue preponderance of claims on the part of the clergy; but do not stand aloof, do not leave us to take all the work and then say that we arrogate to ourselves too much authority, because we alone are found in our places to do it. Look at our Church Unions, the only attempts that we have ever made to construct a deliberative meeting. Look especially at this South Church Union here at Brighton, at whose invitation I am now addressing you, and to a co-operation with which, in the reform of Church abuses, I now invite you; this is the first time since my joining that I have sat under the presidency of an ecclesiastic; our chairman is always a layman. Join us, and see whether your votes as lay communicants, are not as influential as those of any priest in the Union.

But you object to the irregularity of the action,—you say that

voluntary meetings of clergy and laity to deliberate on Church matters, are irregular, unauthorized, and unprecedented; of course they are, we do not attempt to deny it,—they are only substitutes for the authorized and regular meetings of which we have been deprived, and will cease the moment those meetings are restored. On this part of the subject I should wish to quote from an unpublished sermon which has been put into my hands, and which I trust will not be an unpublished one much longer:—

"Have we not a remarkable likeness between the natural body and that spiritual body the Church? Poison, deadly, subtle poison, is lurking in the system. Does the heart continue to beat, do the lungs continue to play, with their ordinary calmness? Not so. Nature, as we speak, exerts herself to the utmost to cast out the venom; she excites the system; she accelerates the action; and the man is in a fever. But the fever itself is no disease. Treat it so, and you miserably fail. But assist nature in her struggle, and by GOD's grace you may hope to succeed.

"Thus, in the Church, irregularity of action is, I do not deny, the symbol of disease. There is something wrong somewhere when it occurs. But suppress it, and who may tell the consequences? The fever of controversy, and irritations, and clamour, are better than the cold of death."

But there are so-called physicians, ready with their universal remedy for the Church. They never trouble themselves to see where the sore lies. Only keep still, only be at external peace, only be sure that when you say opposite things you mean precisely the same, only let truth be neither thine nor mine, but divide it,—and you have the panacea. Wise physicians, that check healthy action, and think they are destroying the disease! wise masons, that stop the cracks with mortar, and think they have propped the wall! wise purifiers, who chalk over a foul spot, and pronounce it free from pollution!

If at this time, and in this Church, action were perfectly regular,—if operations were carried on with the cold monotony which characterized the Church of England in the last century, when she seemed sleeping herself to death,—then indeed I do think the case would seem desperate. But irrepressible energy, finding no vent, will make one.

But you object that the doctrine of the Tractarians leads to Rome. You fear Rome. You have reason to fear her; and therefore, however much you may see the necessity for reform generally, you keep clear of that road which has led others to

Rome, and which may lead you. Right as the measures may seem, you eschew them on account of the results which you imagine they have produced.

I say, the doctrines of the Tractarians do not lead to Rome; they are a safeguard against it. Other things have from time to time tempted men to leave the Church, not their doctrines. And when they did leave it, they left it not on account of their doctrines, but in spite of them.

And for this reason: reformers must be discontented with things as they are; if they were not, they would not be reformers; there would be nothing to reform. Whenever they are for the time defeated, and are unable to effect the reforms they think necessary, then they are, as a matter of course, more discontented; and if they happen to be of an unfaithful and impatient disposition, they become so discontented as to be disgusted. They despair of reforming the Church, and therefore they leave it. I say, that up to this point, doctrines have nothing to do with their leaving the Church; that this is a natural and obvious temptation to which all reformers must necessarily be subjected. When Cromwell and Hampden would have left England for America, it was not that their principles led them to seek America, but that they were unable to effect the reforms they thought necessary in England, and therefore they left England; the going to America was the accident, other attractions determined them about that. This is a temptation to which political reformers have yielded occasionally, but to which Church reformers of every age have yielded in numbers, and will always yield,—Tractarians as well as others.

But I say, that to yield to it is especially contrary to the doctrines of Tractarianism, and that in this, Tractarianism differs from all Church Reform whatever, that it denounces as a sin, that particular desertion which all other Church reforms have tolerated and connived at.

One of our main principles is this: Do your duty, but do not expect to see the success of your work. "Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory." Do your own work, never think of success as the test of it, if it be good for the general course of GOD'S Providence to let you see it, He will do so; but if not, it is no business of your's whether you succeed or not, provided you yourself have done your duty. Let the consciousness of having done your work be its own reward. These are Tractarian doctrines, and I do say, that doctrines such as these are

diametrically opposed to that impatient spirit which is the snare and temptation to all Reformers; and that the operation of this doctrine is the reason why we count our losses by tens and by hundreds, while others count them by thousands and tens of thousands. Still we must expect our losses, or human nature would not be human nature; but when we do lose men from the Church of England they go to Rome, of course they do, where *are* they to go? They cannot join any Protestant dissent. They know, that without a Bishop, there can be no Church. They consider a Church as necessary to their salvation, and protestant dissenters have no Bishops. If they leave us at all they must go to Rome; they do not prefer it any more than a man who thinks his ship to be sinking may be said to prefer the boat. But is it just to reproach those who are still working gallantly and faithfully on the wreck, hoping against hope, but working still, with the cowardice and faithlessness of those who have deserted them and sought their own selfish and inglorious safety? I say the fault of such men does not lie in their doctrines but in their faithless and impatient despair, which tempts them to shrink from them; our doctrines are, "Where GOD has placed you, there He will find you work," and there He expects to see you performing it.

It is upon these grounds that I invite you to the Union; do your work in it honestly and patiently; you may not save the Church of England, for it is not for us to know the times and the seasons which the FATHER has left in His own power. You may not save the Church, but you will have done your work in it as faithful churchmen, and you need not fear your finding yourselves in the Church of Rome, when you know that GOD has given you your work in the Church of England. Whether He be pleased to remove that Church *from* England, or whether He will not, matters little to you, He will save you His faithful servant *in* that Church, because He has given you your work in it, and because you have been faithful to the work He has given you to do. This then is the leading principle of Tractarianism,—fidelity and unchangeableness. That which has been once held, "always, everywhere, and by all," must be held to all eternity; that good thing which has been transmitted to us must be transmitted unchanged to our successors,—that work which lies before us must be done. In that place in which GOD has set us we must remain.

How this principle is worked out in all the ramifications of faith and duty; how it pervades all our life and all our practice, giving weight and consequence to things in themselves trivial, is

a subject which I shall enter upon more fully at some future season.

At present let me sum up what may fairly be called our confession of faith, the bond, if there is any bond besides that of Christian fellowship, which holds us together. I will do it, not in my own words, for I am hardly known, and my sentiments are of little weight, but in the words of one who has always been foremost among us,—always in his work where there was work to be done,—one whom the *Leader* newspaper designates, and designates very appropriately, as BRAVE George Anthony Denison.

"I believe it to be a sin to desert the Communion of the Church of England.

"I believe it to be hardly less a sin to abide in the communion of the Church of England, and not to labour earnestly, systematically, vigorously, and steadily, for the removal of those causes which make the message with which she is charged from GOD to be little realized even by great numbers of her clergy, and therefore to be little understood, welcomed and appreciated by large masses of her people. I can as little understand an acquiescence in the wrongs, or a connivance at the unrealities of the Church of England, as I can understand an acceptance of the corruptions of the Church of Rome, the wanderings of dissent, or the negations of the State.

"I believe, that to be inert and indifferent now,—not to affirm and maintain, and realize for ourselves and others as best we may, the essence of the Church of England as a living branch of the Church Catholic, is more than ever to be parties to a surrender of her heritage, and to betray souls to Rome, or to Dissent, or to what is far worse and full of consequences more deadly even, to the indifferentism of the State.

"This is the work in which we call upon you to help us. The Church of England, if she be wise wants no defence at the hands of a legislature, which is not her own,—she invokes no such assistance against her many foes,—she wants nothing but that the legislature should untie her hands and leave her free to fight her own battle in the strength of GOD.

"That true son of the Church, whether Bishop or Peer, or representative of the people, who shall gain freedom for the Church of England to do the work proper for her in the full and free exercise of her synodical power for the regulation of all her internal concerns, whether of doctrine or discipline, or the increase and endowment of the several orders of her clergy; who

shall persuade the civil power not to usurp the functions of the spiritualty, either in respect of the appointment of Bishops, or judgment of doctrine, or education, or discipline; that man will do more to build up the Church in the hearts of men, and to make us a happy people, acknowledging 'One LORD, one Faith, one Baptism,' and endeavouring to keep the Unity of the faith, in the bond of peace, than the framer of a hundred laws, professing to uphold, but in fact degrading, secularising, and stultifying the Church."

LECTURE II.

BEFORE speaking on the main subject of this my Second Lecture, which is the Prayer Book as the Churchman's guide, I have a good deal of ground to clear away on subjects connected with my last.

Some of our critics, and friendly critics too, have expressed their surprise that in our last lecture we did not "begin with prayer and end with praise."

Now the truth is, we Tractarians, who have been taught to put every thing to its proper use as well as to do every thing at its proper time, had said our prayers already in the "place where prayer was wont to be made,"* and, having done so, it never entered into our heads to offer up our prayers in the town hall.

You came here, some of you for instruction, most of you for amusement, none of you for prayer; or if you did, you came to the wrong place. Instances certainly we have in the Bible of people standing in the market-place and making long prayers, but these were not people to be imitated; they were not praised for so doing. Their conduct was held up not for imitation, but for a warning. Depend upon it, there is no such height of irreverence in this world as the misuse of holy things,—the vessels of the sanctuary at the feast of Belshazzar.

As for my anonymous critics, I hold them in about the same degree of respect as that in which I should hold a boy who throws a stone at me from behind a wall and then runs away. Still they

* It is the Church, not the lecture-room, that is called "the House of Prayer."

have their uses; every created thing we are told has its use, and the use I should put them to is to occupy the place held by Lord Sundon in the cabinet of Sir Robert Walpole.

If I have any acute historian among my auditors he will detect me at once, and say that his lordship never occupied any place in any of Sir Robert's cabinets. My acute friend would be wrong, as the following after-dinner conversation between Sir Robert and his son Horace will show:—

"I have often wondered, sir," said Horace Walpole, catching his father in an unusually communicative mood, "what can induce you to take into your most intimate councils that Lord Sundon; all the world sets him down for an ass, and upon my word I do not think the world far wrong."

"My dear Horace," said Sir Robert, "the world is perfectly right; nevertheless, that man whom you very justly call an ass, is of more use to me than all my cabinet put together. The people of England, like the people of most other countries, may be divided into two parties, the wise and the fools, and I am prime minister over both of them. Now, in bringing forward my measures, I know well enough what the wise will think of them, but how am I to know what the other party think? So I submit them to Lord Sundon, and ask his lordship's opinion, and when I have got that, I know pretty well what the fools think. Every prime minister keeps a Foolometer: Lord Sundon is mine."

Whether Lord John Russell keeps a Foolometer at this present time is more than I can tell you. His lordship is a very energetic man. Possibly he does his own business himself. At any rate, that place in my cabinet is vacant, and if the "Layman," or the "Looker on," or any such person will step forward, I shall be happy at once to deliver the seals of office into his hands.

In the mean while I will avail myself of one or two of his suggestions. I had written about more of them, but really this lecture has grown to such a length that I cannot make use of them. I must take some future opportunity.

One point however I will notice. I mentioned as one of the principles held by us, and one of our greatest safeguards against secession to Rome, that GOD having assigned to each one of us his place in which he should be born into this world, it is every man's duty to remain in that place, and to labour in that place, unless he can assign to his conscience satisfactory reasons for fearing that his salvation will be endangered by his so doing. I say that a man born in the Church of England, and holding such

principles, will not be very ready to leave that Church and to go to Rome. My critic demands sneeringly, if a man is born a Mahometan is he to continue a Mahometan? Most distinctly; if any man leaves Mahometanism for any cause whatever, short of absolute conviction produced by patient and humble investigation, he commits a deep and grievous sin, a sin just as deep and just as grievous as if he left Christianity for Mahometanism on like grounds.

My friend seems to think that a convert is no bad thing, let him come in any way whatever. We Tractarians think differently. The nursery rhyme says, "Tommy Twopenny turned a Turk for twopence," and I should add, dear at the money. Such a man as that the Church might buy back any day for twopence more, and a right bad bargain she would make if she did. Your wandering dissenter, or Churchman so-called, with itching ears, who blunders about from church to chapel, and from chapel to meeting-house, and back again to church, is worth nothing to anybody; he is mere chaff, carried about by every wind of doctrine,—

> "Through all the religions of Europe they run,
> And end at the last by believing in none."

Why! 1700 years ago a heathen satirist, speaking of a thoroughly worthless contemptible fellow, says, "In what prayer-shop shall I look for you?"—in quâ te quæro proseuchâ?*

Talking of worthless contemptible fellows, did you ever hear of a Mr. Francis Rees Gawthorne, who baited his trap with a piece of Protestantism and caught an Archbishop of Canterbury? I do not think he would have found it so easy to catch the Bishop of Chichester; but he tried. Let me tell you how he did it, and

* I could not conceive why that very sagacious and learned paper the "Record," accused me of misapplying this quotation, until I stumbled on what in my school days was called a Juvenal cribber, in which I found my passage thus rendered, "in what *brothel* shall I seek you?" A little learning is a dangerous thing, especially in a critic; the cribber certainly gave the satirist's insinuation correctly, but it did not give the English of the word proseucha, which originally signified simply a place of prayer. In Acts xvi. 13, S. Paul is said to have gone where according to custom there was a proseucha, or, as we render it, where prayer was wont to be made. Between the days of S. Paul and those of Juvenal, several obscure sects sprang up, and these proseuchæ which were held by night, lost their character and were frequented by the fast young Romans, for much the same purpose as, teste Hogarth, our modern evening meetings are attended by fast young Englishmen now. I contend that in the word prayer-shop I have given the nearest rendering to Juvenal's proseucha which the word is capable of bearing.

how it was that his trap was knocked over, for that will afford a very good illustration of my opinion of converts.

In those days I was organising in my parish what you would call a commercial school, which was to be under the visitorship of the Bishop. I have since for greater safety made one of my curates master of it, but in those days I was looking out for a lay schoolmaster. Whether Mr. Gawthorne applied to the Archdeacon to recommend him to me, or whether he applied to me and I consulted the Archdeacon, as on most points of importance I was in the habit of doing, I cannot now remember. However that was, I did consult him, and he recommended me to go to London, and not to bring down Mr. Gawthorne until I had judged for myself. So to London I went, and had one or two interviews with that celebrated personage.

I examined him as to his attainments. They were far above par. If learning and intellect were the only things required in education, as some of our Manchester and Salford friends tell us, Mr. Gawthorne was a prize indeed! neither did he answer badly the ordinary questions on religious subjects. He gave me references to two or three distinguished men, some of whom I know personally. He had been employed by them, it is true, only a short time (a very short time, I found out afterwards, for Mr. Monro, of Harrow Weald, one of his references, had had him for three or four weeks); that however was easily accounted for, he said, by the fact that it was not long ago since he had become a convert to the Church.

A convert! thought I. Oho! What had he been before? He had been a Baptist, and his friends were Baptists still, and that was the reason why he was so anxious to be employed: he wished to leave them. This part of the story I afterwards found was true enough, for I had the curiosity to call at their house and talk to his friends.

Immediately, but quietly, I drew the examination round to the subject of Baptism: he had very vague ideas about regeneration, he had never heard of the council of Carthage, he could not draw the analogy between circumcision and baptism, he could not show that the Jewish children who were in covenant with GOD by the former would have been thrown out of covenant by their parents embracing Christianity had they not formed part of the household baptized by the apostles, neither indeed could he tell distinctly why the Church admitted children at all.

My decision was formed at once: he was a convert on some

other grounds than those of conviction, he could not have been convinced, for evidently he had never examined the subject at all, he had never looked into the points of difference between the sect he was leaving and the Church to which he professed to join himself. What right had he to leave the Baptists, whom he could not show to be in error? How could he be sincere in his wish to join the Church into whose doctrines he had never looked?

There was no use in telling him this, so I let the matter drop quietly, and on other grounds; to this moment Mr. Gawthorne does not know why he could find no employment in the diocese of Chichester; but my real reason for rejecting him was what I tell you. Whenever a man becomes a convert, whether to or from my own faith, without having thoroughly weighed and examined every step which led him to make a change affecting his eternal salvation, he must of necessity be, either a light, inconstant, feather-headed character, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, or else he must be a deep, dark, designing hypocrite; there is no medium, he must be either the one or the other; that is my judgment of such converts, and who shall say that in this case at least my judgment was not fully borne out by the event?

From the man who remains in the faith in which he was born and educated, we do not expect minute inquiry into its abstruser doctrines; they are *open* to his inquiry, but it is no sin in him if he receives them in faith. But this is not the case with the convert; for every step he takes he is accountable to GOD. Men shift and change as fancy leads them; they are not sufficiently aware that GOD will require of them not only that they choose rightly, but that they have a right reason for choosing.

I wish I had time to say a few words on the office of the Priest, as distinguished from his person, and on the unchurching of our neighbours; two points on which, judging from my Foolometer, people most particularly mistake us, and as a necessary consequence, are particularly abusive. But I really have not space enough for them, I must put them off to some future opportunity.

As for strong language, that of course—we expect it, and are pretty well used to it; it is a pretty fair test of truth. Falsehoods hurt nobody, we are all remarkably patient under them; it is truth that carries the sting in its tail, and makes people angry.

Neither of the Wesleys were very merciful to the Calvinists; but Charles was always peculiarly severe upon them: he had a theory, that Calvinism, as a matter of necessity, soured the temper

just as rennet sours milk. One day he was preaching in his chapel, and had got on his favourite theme: "I never knew," he said, "such a thing as a good-tempered Calvinist; it is a contradiction in terms, a moral impossibility:" a man started up at the farther end of the chapel, and putting his arms a-kimbo, screamed out, "You're a liar!" "Ah," said Charles Wesley, "have I drawn out Leviathan with a hook?" And so say I. I know well enough that there always are, and always will be, those who love darkness rather than light, and when they show themselves touched, I think quietly with myself, Ah! what, have I drawn out Leviathan with a hook?

And now a few words to draw out Mr. Thelwall. He at all events is a gentleman of flesh and blood, though not exactly what I should call a Leviathan. There is no mistaking that gentleman; his handbills all over the town declare that we Tractarians are unfaithful to our Church. I was curious to know how he made that out, so I sent for the *Brighton Gazette*. He begins, I see, with an enumeration of what he considers the true doctrines of the Church. These I find are mostly taken from a little book much in use in our National Schools, called "Faith and Duty." That about Popery, he gets from "Macknight's Sermons," no very deep book either. With the exception of one or two wonderful blunders, which of course I put down to the score of those universal scapegoats the reporters, the doctrines are perfectly right and true, and pretty well known; and, let me add, open to the meanest capacity; for I will venture to say, that there is not a child in the first class of my National School, who does not know them, and cannot prove them out of Scripture.

I am perfectly ready to give honour where honour is due, and to admit that we owe the great blessing, that those doctrines are so well known, to the exertions of the earlier Evangelicals. All the fault I find with the lecturer here is, that by giving himself the trouble of proving such evident things, he would lead you to imagine that we do not hold them, and are therefore unfaithful, Of course we should be unfaithful if we did not hold them; but a good deal depends upon that *if*.

Minus his blunders, we hold them all. For instance,—though we certainly do not consider preaching to be the means of justification, which is no doubt a blunder of that careless reporter,—we do fully consider it what he meant to say, a means of grace; and accordingly, there are few people who avail themselves more of it than the Tractarians. I know more than one of them who preaches

every day. I have preached ten sermons in one week myself, if there is any merit in that.

Well: all these doctrines he finds in the Bible easily enough: they are all, as I told you, in the "Faith and Duty," with their references. Here they are; the TRINITY, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Sufficiency of the Scriptures, Justification by Faith, and two or three more. That is all he can find in the Bible; but he cannot find the Apostolical Succession; it is not quite so plain on the surface, no doubt; and what is more to the purpose, it is not in the little book. It never occurs to him, that there could not be a great deal about the Apostolical Succession while the Apostles were alive. Long live our gracious Queen; but I am afraid she must die before we know anything very certain about the reign of Albert the First. When Louis the Thirteenth was dying, he had his children brought to him, and not being able to distinguish them, said feebly, "Who is this?" "Louis Quatorze," said the boy. "Not yet, my son," replied the poor old king. Mr. Thelwall's ideas of Succession must be very like those of Louis Quatorze.

There are people who are naturally incapable of chronological arrangement,

> "And when such people go astray,
> Their bumps are more in fault than they."

I dare say you have heard of Sir Boyle Roche, Bart., an Irish Member, who got up in his place in Parliament and said, "Mr. Speaker, I cannot understand why we should be called upon to do all this for posterity; I cannot for the life of me see that posterity has done any thing for us." I suspect that Sir Boyle Roche would have been physically incapable of understanding the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession.

Of course, these doctrines are to be found in the Bible, but they want a little looking after. This very doctrine is found prophetically in the last verse of S. Matthew's Gospel. Do you suppose that our SAVIOUR promised to be present, even to the end of the world, with those eleven men whom He was then sending forth to teach, every one of whom would be dead in fifty or sixty years? —or is it not with them and those similarly sent, that is to say, their successors?

It is found historically, in the first chapter of the Acts, where, in fulfilment of a special prophecy, "his bishopric let another take," that is, let there be an Apostolical Succession, S. Matthias is

elected into the vacancy made by the transgression and death of Judas.

It is found again in the Epistles to Timothy, where by the laying on of S. Paul's hands, and those of the Presbytery, Timothy himself is consecrated into the vacancy at Ephesus made by S. Paul, who, after a two years' episcopate in that city, is anxious to set out on his travels.

There are plenty of other passages about this, both in the Bible and in the Prayer Book; but I admit at once, people are not going to find them without looking after them.

I really have not time to go through all the doctrines that Mr. Thelwall cannot find in the Bible; I should have enough to do. It would be much easier to treat on all those that he can find. I remember when I was at Corpus, our college tutor, who was a very irritable man, getting very angry with one of our young gentlemen who had not answered a great many of his questions. "There," said he, tearing off a little bit of paper about twice the size of his thumb-nail, "write me down on that piece of paper every thing that you do know." I cannot now be filling up Mr. Thelwall's deficiencies, because I want to say something for myself; not about doctrines, for as I told you, we Tractarians are quite satisfied with the doctrines of the English Church as they are, but about discipline, on which point we are not satisfied.

I must, however, before we leave this subject, say a few words on Mr. Thelwall's idea of Tradition. I say Mr. Thelwall's, because his idea of it bears about as much resemblance to real ecclesiastical tradition, as the figure of a man scribbled by a child does to the original.

Mr. Thelwall's idea of tradition is merely the private interpretation of certain ancient Fathers; and this he accuses us of substituting for the Bible, or at least of considering of equal value with it.

Mr. Thelwall is really very like that celebrated warrior Tom Thumb, who "made the giants first, and then he killed them." We attach no more value to ancient private interpretation than we do to modern private interpretation. What ecclesiastical tradition really is, I may find time to show you in some future lecture: it is something very different indeed from Mr. Thelwall's notion of it. But to show you that there must be such a doctrine, I will ask you a few questions.

I will venture to say there are not two people in this room, who in any way distinguish the Sabbath from any other day of the week,

whereas they all more or less keep holy the first day, in spite of the commandments,—why? Because the LORD rose from the dead on that day. Very true, and very proper; but that is not the question. What authority have you for it? where do you find it in the Bible, Mr. Thelwall's sole reference? I can tell you, but you cannot tell me.

Again: how many Gospels are there? Four, you say boldly. Well, but my good friends, there are eleven. You will find them all in the British Museum; what have you done with the other seven? Why is not the Gospel according to S. Peter as good as the Gospel according to S. Matthew? I can tell you, but you cannot tell me.

Now take the books that are actually in the Bible. You are required to receive as GOD'S Word the Proverbs of Solomon, but the Wisdom of Solomon, which contains some far finer passages, you are not required by the Articles to receive in the same sense. Why? Because Solomon never wrote the latter? How do you know that—or how do you know that he did write the Book of Proverbs? It is so, you are right, but how do you know it? I can tell you, but you cannot tell me.

You need not be ashamed of not knowing these things. I am not ashamed to say that I do not know how to make my own shoes, or compound my own medicines. I may learn to make them if I please, so may you, if you like to give yourselves the trouble, learn these things; but if your business does not lie that way, you are permitted to take the word of those that have learnt them.

I mention these things to show you that not being able to find doctrines in the Bible, is no proof either that they are not there, or that they are not doctrines, but that there really are more things in heaven, as well as in earth, than are dreamt of in everybody's philosophy.

Now I find no fault with Mr. Thelwall's doctrines, nor for his proclaiming them; they are very true doctrines, as far as they go, and very necessary to be known. What I do find fault with him is, that he takes upon himself to call unfaithful all who can see further than he sees himself, and to measure all the learning and all the intellect of the English Church by his own pint measure. Mr. Thelwall defies us to prove our doctrines. Our doctrines are the doctrines of the Church. Of course I cannot prove them now, I have not time, and many of them are far too holy to be played with in a lecture room; but have we never written any thing?

When the celebrated Abernethy was wanting to sell off an edition of his works, and his unfortunate patients asked him the usual questions, "Well, Doctor, what am I to do? what diet do you recommend?" and so forth, he used to say, "What do you bother me for? go and read my book." So say we, go and read our books, we have written enough; and *we*, at all events, are not in the habit of making assertions without proof.

Suppose you were standing on the beach, and heard a man say, "There are four ships in the offing;" and another on the cliff replying, "There are a great many more than that; I can see a dozen." You would not think this at all strange; you would probably set down each man as right according to the situation he occupied; and that, although they might be a little distorted by refraction, the four ships seen by the man below, were some of the identical ships seen by the man above. But suppose the man on the beach, totally disregarding, or altogether ignorant of, the convexity of the earth's surface, were to turn round and call out in everybody's ears, "You are unfaithful;" or were to make use of the equivalent expression in the vernacular which found favour with Charles Wesley's friend: you possibly might think the man ill bred and abusive, most certainly you would set him down as conceited, ignorant, and presumptuous.

Mr. Thelwall says, that he told a pious old lady, who asked him the difference between High Church and Low Church: "The High Church place the Church above CHRIST, the Low Church place CHRIST above the Church;" which definition, I have no doubt, was highly satisfactory.

About a hundred years ago, that very same question was asked of the famous South: "Why," said he, "the High Church are those who think highly of the Church, and lowly of themselves; the Low Church are those who think highly of themselves, and lowly of the Church."

It is not for me to say which of these two definitions is the most correct; but South was a very great man, and a very eminent preacher. Mr. Thelwall may be both the one and the other, but I cannot say I ever heard of him before.*

I have been told that many people were surprised at my lecture because, like my friend the Layman, I did not pray all the Evan-

* Mr. Thelwall's father, however, from whom, probably, his son inherits his turn for lecturing, is more fortunate. Non caruit vate sacro. Canning thus hands him down to posterity:

> "Thelwall, and ye who lecture as ye go,
> And for your pains get pelted, praise Le paux."

gelicals might be confounded, but on the contrary praised them. I suppose they had been so accustomed to hear strong language from the Protestant Defence Association here, and the Roman Catholic ditto in Dublin, that they could not conceive the possibility of a controversial lecture without a pretty plentiful seasoning of theological pepper.

If I have done no other good by my lecture, at least I have done this: I have shown you that it is very possible for a man to be firm in his own convictions, earnest in diffusing them, strong, and if you will, obstinate in his determination, and yet unwilling to impute unworthy motives to those who differ from him: I have shown you that he may feel quite sure that he is right himself, without consigning to eternal perdition all who think him wrong, —in one word, that Christian zeal is quite compatible with Christian charity.

When I was a graceless young fellow at Cambridge, I used to abuse Charles Simeon, and ridicule the Simeonites. I have lived to be abused and ridiculed myself, and having, like Tiresias, tried both sides of the question, I can assure you, from personal experience, that the recollections of the latter of these conditions are very much pleasanter than those of the former, especially when one grows older, and begins to read one's Bible.

Shallow brooks are noisy, deep waters are smooth. Depend upon it, when a man is deeply and strongly impressed with the truth of his own convictions, he is in no way tempted to rail at his neighbour. The consciousness of latent strength gives calmness; the certainty that truth is on our side, and must in the end prevail, whatever it may seem to do at present, gives patience. Anger implies a secret doubt, and *we* have no secret doubt; we have a calm, quiet, firm, and strong conviction of the soundness of our position; we can afford therefore to leave anger, and railing, and scoffing, ay, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness to those who want them. We do not.

You have heard the story of the deaf man relating that Mr. A. and Mr. B. had had a serious quarrel, and that Mr. B. was quite wrong. "What was it about?" said the friend. "That I do not know," said the deaf man, "for I did not hear one word of it." "Then how do you know which was right?" "O easily enough," said the deaf man; "Mr. B. lost his temper, spoke very loud, and Mr. A. was as cool all the while as I am at this moment."

The deaf man was quite right; anger really is a very good test of truth; people never use strong language except when they run

short in strong arguments. When they are angry there is a screw loose, and they know it. There was a good deal of sound practical sense and shrewd knowledge of the world in the endorsement of that brief said to have been picked up in Westminster Hall: "A weak case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

Truth and railing invariably take opposite sides. This I say generally, as a lecturer, as a controversialist, as an individual like yourselves; but as an ambassador of CHRIST I say much more,—I say that it is absolutely impossible that I should express irritation, or even feel it. I cannot feel anger at receiving that which I know is my own just punishment. We were placed in this our office by our Heavenly Master for the express purpose of teaching the doctrines of His Church, of laying down the laws of His kingdom: "Go ye, teach all nations," were the words in which our appointment was given into our hands, and the very existence of opposition proves that we have not fulfilled our mission; the greater the opposition, the greater the proof of our neglect; the firmer our conviction in the truth of the doctrines which we hold, the greater the blame to us, when we find that you, whom we were appointed to teach, do not hold them also. If we had done our duty, you would not be ignorant of these things; if you were not ignorant of these things, you would not now be opposing us.

That I personally can divide the blame with hundreds of thousands who have preceded me in the ministry, or who are now partaking in it with me,—that we spread it over a century and a half of cold neglect, diminishes from it nothing. It is no new thing that GOD should visit upon the children the sins of their fathers; nor are our own sins of omission so few, that we can complain that He does so.

And, now when we find our late and inadequate efforts to repair that which should never have been permitted to go to ruin misunderstood and suspected, the real true everlasting doctrines of CHRIST'S Church called Popery, and ourselves reviled and stigmatized as Papists,—is it for us to be angry, is it for us to say that we have not deserved it, we have not deserved what you say of us, we have as great a horror of Popery as you can have yourselves? But we have deserved your reproaches, for we have been unmindful of our duty; we have suffered you to live and grow up in forgetfulness of our Master's laws, when it was our business to teach them, in ignorance of the channels whereby He bestows His grace, when it was our duty as stewards of His mysteries to bring them home to every one of you. What right then have we to

complain that we are reaping the fruit of our own neglect—that these things are strange and unpleasant to your eyes—and that you show that they are so? What right have we to be irritated with you, to call your opposition factious? Your opposition, unjust as it may be, is our well-deserved punishment. You have received a loss at our hands, not that which you imagine, but a loss no less, and you have a right to be angry with us.

Do you remember one of the earlier engravings of the Art Union, called "Una entering the Cottage," which was once in all the print shops? That picture was the cause of my becoming a subscriber to the Art Union. I have hung it up in my sitting room, and many a lesson of patience and humility has it taught me. You may not perhaps remember it, for it is now some years since it came out. A female figure, calm, serene, and robed in pure white, is entering a low, mean, dark cottage, the door of which, strong enough and solid enough to be the defence of a castle, has just been burst open and thrown down by the lion that attends her. It is an incident from Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and is in itself a deep and solemn allegory. Una is the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church; the lion that attends her is the force of Truth; the strong door is the strength of prejudice, which it is the mission of the Church, aided by the force of Truth, to overcome. In this case it has been overcome, and the pure light of heaven shines at last through the doorway. And how is this inestimable blessing received by those who have hitherto sat pining in the darkness within? With evident fear, and distrust, and aversion. These passions are painted strongly on their countenances; they are represented as turning from the light, which, blessing as it may be, is yet painful to eyes so long unused to it. And how is Una herself depicted? Calm and pitying, she is repressing what the poet calls "her unruly page;" she is keeping back the lion, secure in the quietness of her confidence.

And if that was the attitude of Una at her first entrance, what should it be now? She should never have left the cottage, and she knows that; she should never have suffered the strong door to be closed. If the painter had been depicting the Una of our days, besides the pity and compassion for those who were thus turning away, which he has expressed on her countenance, he must have depicted also a strong tinge of self-reproach.

"The truth is," says Mr. Gresley, in a little book of his, which I would advise you all to read—"Clement Walton, the English Citizen"—"the truth is, that the Church has been sadly neglectful

for the last two or three generations; she ought to have divided her parishes long ago, and increased the number of her ministry, and—"

"But, my good sir," said Mr. Hammond the clergyman, with some degree of warmth, "whose fault was that? Why did not you laymen, who have been managing our affairs for us, take care to divide our parishes, and appoint a proper number of clergymen?"

"And why did not you clergy," replied Mr. Walton, "tell us what we ought to do, and preach at us every Sunday, morning and evening, till we did it? I never heard that you ever made any great efforts of this sort."

In good truth we have all been neglectful; neither clergy nor laity can afford to cast reproach upon the other, for both have come short of their duty; and thus our "English Citizen" continues: "I can assure you," says he, "that when I spoke of the Church having neglected her duty, I meant to speak of laymen as much as of clergy; I did not in the least intend to exonerate the State from her share of the blame. And now, since we have both been equally neglectful, let us vie with each other which can do most to repair the mischief." This is what we, the Church Union, are striving to do, clergy and laity alike. This is why we are Reformers.

One of my critics remarks, that in common consistency, in the pursuance even of my own system, Wesley, and Simeon, and such men, should have been denounced by me as schismatics, rather than lauded and commemorated as Reformers. He observes, also, that the same title might with great propriety be applied to us Tractarians also.

He is right: he is quite right. It is a melancholy proof of human corruption, that in this world there exists no good whatever without its concomitant evil; and it is also true, that the particular shape of evil which waits upon reform of any description, is schism or division.

Look at the State Reformers; they are a known and recognized party, and in turbulent and excited times they are a factious and rebellious party. This is an evil, no doubt; all division is an evil; but it is far better than its alternative, permitting the whole constitution of the State to fall away into despotism or anarchy. France is a united nation just now, there is no opposition. Divided councils is the price we pay for our political safety.

So it is with the Church. The Reformation itself was a deep

and grievous schism; it was a very great price that we paid—not too great—"nothing can be too great a price to pay for the preservation of CHRIST's Truth"—but it was a grievous sacrifice that we made, an enormous price that we paid for it.

And so it was with those minor Reformations that I have been speaking of; so it was with the partial Reformation of Wesley. The Church was to a degree awakened and roused for a time from her sloth, and the schism of 300,000 men was the price we paid for it.

And so it was with Simeon, and Venn, and their followers. The forgotten doctrines of the Atonement were again brought into light by their exertions; and who shall say that the fluctuating secession into Protestant Dissent, and the Five Trustee system which resulted from it, are too great a price to pay for such a blessing?

And so with ourselves. We are no more exempt from the common lot than those who preceded us. We are reformers, and we are but men. We cannot hope to effect our reform any more than they, without paying its price. I have shown you, by reference to facts and figures, that, compared with the reforms of our predecessors, its price has been but small. I hope to show you from reasoning, and argument, and analogy, that in all probability its price *will* be small. The closer we adhere to Christian principle, the less we give way to maxims of human expediency, the smaller will be our price. But there is no escaping the common lot, the price must be paid. GOD never effects for us a deliverance from the consequences of our own faithlessness, without marking by a punishment a sense of His displeasure. He saves us indeed, but as by fire.

Perhaps some of you may have read a little book that I wrote last year, called *The Erne and its Legends;* if you have, you will know that I am the historian of the fairies, and am learned in the chronicles of their race. I will tell you a curious legend about them. In those days when there was war in heaven, and Satan and his angels rebelled against the ALMIGHTY, one circle of angels alone, it is said, remained neuter. They would not join the Arch Rebel, neither would they range themselves among the hosts of their Almighty Sovereign. At the final discomfiture of the rebellious angels, that circle which had not joined in their rebellion could not justly be associated with them in their punishment, neither, on the other hand, did it deserve the blessedness of heaven. Those angels were therefore consigned to the earth, and

bound irrevocably to its fortunes. These are the fairies. They enjoy all the pleasures and all the happiness which their new habitation can afford, but it is on a lease as it were, and every seven years their lease expires. It is renewable as long as the earth lasts, and they are always reinstated in their privileges, on paying to Satan a quit-rent of one of their number. This legend, like most of the fairy history, is an allegory. Whenever we have been neglectful of our duty, whenever we have refused to fight the battles of Him whose soldiers we have vowed ourselves, we may be forgiven indeed, and reinstated in our former privileges, but it is always at the expense of some sacrifice to the principle of evil, whose power we should have resisted from the first, but did not.

It is a true principle, and we Tractarians admit the fact, we acknowledge it as the just punishment of our former faithlessness and slothfulness in fighting the LORD'S battles; our reforms have and must have a tendency to schism, we must strive against it, we must labour to counteract it. It is our duty to do so, but we can no more escape the danger than we can prevent our shadow from darkening the ground, unless indeed we content ourselves with remaining in the shade.

We cannot be too thankful that the duty which lies before us now, the reformation that we are called upon to attempt, is mainly one of discipline and not one of doctrine. You will be surprised to hear me say this, when every one is regretting, and in regretting is receiving it as an admitted fact, that there are two parties in the Church, and deducing as a necessary corollary, that as there cannot be two rights, one party must necessarily be wrong.

Now of this *corollary* I admit the absolute truth, but I deny altogether the proposition on which it is founded. Strictly and correctly speaking, there are *not* two parties in the Church. There are two *schools* in the Church, but that is a very different thing. Parties are where one set of men maintain a doctrine which another set of men repudiate. The Church, for instance, maintains the apostolical succession of Bishops, the Presbyterians deny it; the Church maintains the co-equal divinity of our LORD, the Socinians deny it; the Church of Rome maintains the infallibility of the Pope, the Church of England denies it. These are parties. Schools are different things. Here both maintain all the doctrines, but attach a different value to them respectively. The whole Church believes in some sense the efficacy and necessity of the Sacraments as means of grace, apostolical orders, the new birth, the necessity of constant renewal and divine assistance;

but one school brings one set of these necessary doctrines into the foreground, while another school insists upon the greater importance of another set of necessary doctrines, both believing equally the absolute necessity of all, and differing only in their relative importance as a matter of teaching. Now though I say that in our Church there do exist different schools of divinity, which I believe to be a divinely appointed division of labour for the preservation of all the doctrines of the Christian faith, yet I deny that there are different parties in the Church. It is for this reason that we claim the Evangelicals of the last generation as our fellow workers. We and they belong to different schools indeed, but the truths they maintained then we maintain now. Ay, and we will say more than that: the doctrines that we maintain now they would have believed then, only they were in the shade, and would have maintained them as firmly and openly as we, had they been brought out into light in those days. Had those great men who led the Wesleyan and Evangelical movements lived in our days, they would have been Tractarians.

I ask you, is the name of Wilberforce unknown among the Evangelicals? Newman was a dissenter; Manning I myself knew as an Evangelical. Thousands, and some of them our best men, have joined us from the Evangelicals. And let me beg you to reflect, did you ever know one of them to go back? did ever any join the Evangelicals from us?

Liberally indeed have the numbers of *Protestant dissenters* been supplied by them, while, frightened and dismayed by this, many of them have rushed through our ranks to Rome, disturbing and confusing us on their passage, but did you ever know one of our men who left us for the Evangelicals? It is not so, it is not possible. The light which good men possessed in those days made them see the neglect of particular doctrines on which that light then shone. It made them Evangelicals, and would have made us Evangelicals had we lived in those days. The increased light shows us now those very same doctrines, and, in addition to them, many other forgotten doctrines which require restoration as well as those of the atonement. That increased light has made us Evangelicals, and it has made us something more also: it has made us Tractarians, and would have made *them* so had they lived in our days.

But we are all reformers alike. As reformers they were, and we are, suspected and feared; as reformers they are, and we shall

be, honoured and commemorated. But no man is canonized until he is dead—*μηδεν' ολβιζου πριν αν τελευτησαντ' ιδης.**

One great reason why I am anxious that our real principles should be brought into light, is that I am convinced that our opponents within the Church will perceive that we are like the knights that have been looking at the opposite sides of the gold and silver shield, that we have been contending earnestly for two truths, both equally true, and neither in opposition to the other, that we say the same thing only in different ways.

We have been contending with one another, because we were ignorant of one another. I do not know any good that the rural chapters have done to the Church greater than the simple fact of bringing us together, and showing each of us what really are the principles which we really do hold. Bishops were afraid of these chapters, just as they are afraid of Synods now: there were so many parties in the Church—we should meet and quarrel. We stood apart and quarrelled, but when we met we agreed. Why? Because we had all been holding the same doctrines, only we had been expressing them in different forms. It was no wonder that we did so, we had never met together to compare our sentiments.

The grand and everlasting doctrines of CHRIST'S Church had always been there, always before our eyes, only in the darkness they had not been seen. In the deep dark night of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th, it was as much as we could do to keep in sight the faint far outline of the everlasting hills and the strong firm mountains just dimly traced upon the dark horizon; all the minor features of the landscape were wrapped in gloom. What wonder then that each one of us who strained his sight into the darkness gave to those dim and dusky forms, which he could scarce distinguish at all, that hue and that form which his own imagination supplied, and what wonder that that hue and that form seemed different to different observers? It would be marvel indeed were it otherwise. But as the light dawns across the same scene, one after another, the old half forgotten yet familiar objects come into sight; now the ray strikes on some well known landmark, now on the old familiar spire of some Church, now on the well remembered shelter of an ancestral grove, now on that hill that used to be our beacon, now on that hollow that used to be our retirement. The shapes with which our imagina-

* This, if the Record only had learning enough to find it out, really is a misquotation, for I have no authority for asserting that Œdipus ever did receive the honours of canonization.

tions had invested these objects during the hours of darkness fade away, and we all, and all alike, hail with holy joy the well known landscape of the Church's childhood.

The Bishop of Oxford said that if his brother of Exeter could have put off for ten years the baptismal controversy, he might have put it off altogether, for that, within the Church, there would then be no difference left to contend about. He said right. Schools of theology we shall always have,—God forbid that we should be without them,—but the controversies about the Church's doctrine will then be with those that are without; it may be with the State, not with one another; within we shall have light enough soon to distinguish our fellow soldiers.

To what do we owe our preservation during these hours of darkness? I say, under God, to the Prayer Book. When we consider the time and the manner in which the Prayer Book was compiled, the tests to which it was subjected, the trials which it underwent, he who can doubt that the hand of God was over it, that a special Providence produced it, that it was absolutely intended to be our safeguard through our long night of slothfulness, must be blind indeed.

We have often been accused of undervaluing the Thirty-nine Articles in comparison with the Prayer Book. The Articles are part of the Prayer Book, and it is absurd to say that we undervalue a part in comparison with the whole. The Articles were drawn up with the intention of guarding against the errors of Rome, and they answer their purpose perfectly—they do guard against them. But the Prayer Book is the whole manual of Catholic Christian doctrine, adapted to the use of the English Church.

Let us examine shortly its history, and we shall soon see why it is so peculiarly valuable. It is that, subjected, as it has been, to every conceivable test, it has stood its ground as the interpreter of the Bible through them all.

No sooner had the turbulent reign of the wicked and inconsistent Henry come to a close, than the first Prayer Book saw the light. It was the unaided compilation of the English reformers from the old and received services of the Church, but purged from innovations which had been interpolated among them. About this time the persecutions which were going on throughout the continent drove several of the foreign reformers to take refuge in England, and under their auspices a second Prayer Book was drawn up, tinged strongly with the peculiarities of their school.

It had a great deal of good in it no doubt, but it was altogether un-English and irregular; it was merely the concoction of a certain knot of divines, it was never submitted to convocation or parliament, and was circulated by the authority of an order in council alone. Each of these Prayer Books, was in one way or other, accepted by the State, rather irregularly it is true, for parliament had no voice in the latter of them: it owed its State authority merely to an order in council. Still the reception of them by the State gave them their lay element.

Thus matters remained in England till the death of Edward. On the accession of Mary both Prayer Books were of course suppressed, and, during the persecutions which took place in her reign, not only the foreigners, whom we could well have spared, but many of the English reformers also, were driven from our shores, and, during the next five years, were compelled to find refuge among their brethren on the continent.

Now the Reformation which took place in those countries simultaneously with that of our own, was by no means so perfect or so regular as ours was. Numerous as were the abuses which occurred during our own Reformation, still it was a Church reforming itself, acting by its own innate vitality, but under the sanction and protection of the State. They, on the other hand, were far too impatient to wait for GOD'S leading. In almost every case abroad the Reformation was forced on irregularly and schismatically, by the reformers separating themselves from their Church, and acting for themselves, instead of working in it, gradually leavening the whole mass, and waiting GOD'S own time for accomplishing the work. The consequence of this was that in some countries the Reformation was actually suppressed and strangled, and in all it was more or less imperfect. By the foreign reformers the rule of expediency had been adopted rather than the rule of principle, and in every case many essentials of a Church, which their ingenuity was not able to supply and which they had not faith to wait for at GOD'S hand, were first dispensed with, and after awhile forgotten or despised. It was among these that our brethren were compelled to sojourn during the five years of Mary's reign, in which time they had learnt, first, to palliate the errors of their hosts, then to defend them, and in the end to adopt them and make them their own.

On the accession of Elizabeth the two Prayer Books of Edward VI. were again brought forward, and as the suppression, which had been effected by the parliament of Mary, rendered legislation

again if not necessary at least expedient, a thorough revision took place, the two Prayer Books were compared and collated, and from them a third was produced. This substantially is our own Prayer Book, which, properly speaking, dates from the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, when the Reformation may be considered as completed. The Prayer Book therefore may be considered as the great work of the Reformation, embodying and condensing the sentiments of reformers, and containing their own matured ideas of the doctrines of their Church. This book was based on the first or English book of King Edward, but upon it were engrafted many good points from the second or foreign book. To give you an instance, which will serve for an illustration; as the LORD'S Supper is to us a means of grace, so the first book, at the administration of it, has these words, "The Body of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." To this the foreigners Bucer and Peter Martyr had objected that the LORD'S Supper should be considered as a remembrance of our LORD'S sufferings and atonement. In the second book, therefore, the words which I have just quoted were left out, and for them was substituted, "Take and eat this in remembrance that CHRIST died for thee." In Queen Elizabeth's book the two sentiments are, as you may see by your own Prayer Books, united. This particular alteration was effected at the queen's own request, because as she said, and said truly, the LORD'S Supper is really a remembrance of our deliverance from the power of sin, and it is also a means of grace to strengthen us in resisting it. This book, like the others, was presented to the laity in parliament, and having been accepted by them, continued the law of the Church and State during the remainder of her reign.

In the meanwhile the refugees began to return to England. These men, besides imbibing the peculiar notions of the foreigners, had acquired also a good deal of spiritual pride. They really had been greater sufferers for their religion than those who had remained in England, and who in all probability had more or less succumbed before the persecutions of Mary, and they came home priding themselves upon this, and despising those whom they considered their weaker brethren. They pretended to a higher degree of purity, and, in token of it, assumed for themselves the title of Puritans, a name which though little heard of at that time, was destined in after days to acquire for itself a terrible celebrity.

All things however remained in a quiet and apparently prosperous state during Queen Elizabeth's long reign, and under the

judicious rule of Archbishop Whitgift; but at his death the Puritans had acquired sufficient strength to demand of James, who as you will remember, had been brought up a Presbyterian, that the Prayer Book should be again revised and adapted to the sentiments of the foreign reformers.

It was upon this that James called together the celebrated Hampton Court conference, to which we owe our present translation of the Bible. The most eminent divines of the Puritan, as well as that which, for distinction's sake we will call the English party, were selected, and the whole Prayer Book of Queen Elizabeth underwent a thorough discussion, sentence by sentence, for the most part in the presence of the King.

It seems however, that the English nation preferred their own reforms to those of foreign extraction, for very few alterations were made to Queen Elizabeth's book—none of any importance. Yet the revision was again subjected to the approval of the laity represented by Parliament, and, being by them accepted, it became the law of the land, and continued to be so for the two succeeding reigns.

On the temporary triumph of the Puritans, Cromwell suppressed the Prayer Book, as Mary had done before him, the use of it was made felony; that party as well as the Papists were always more celebrated for zeal than for charity or toleration, and thus the Church, as in ancient times, was driven to caves and holes in the rocks. It was thought advisable therefore on the restoration of Charles II. (which restoration you will remember was not effected by the cavaliers and churchmen, but by the repentant Puritans themselves,) to subject the whole Prayer Book to a fresh revision. A conference for that purpose was accordingly summoned by the King at the Savoy Palace, similar in all respects to that held before by James at Hampton Court. A fresh sifting took place on this occasion also, and it was made before divines of every school. A few additions were found necessary—such as the office for adult baptism, for it was discovered that during the days of the Church's depression, many had grown up to manhood unbaptized; still, as before, no material alteration was made; and the revised Prayer Book was again presented to the laity, and accepted by Parliament, and thus, receiving the King's sanction, it again became the law of the land. A sealed copy was deposited among the archives of the kingdom as a memorial of this last revision, and as a guide against unauthorized alterations, and this is the Prayer Book which we possess at this present day.

Now I say that a Prayer Book so tested, so sifted, so tried, is peculiarly valuable. Three hundred years—an absolute suppression under penalty of transportation—two complete revisions under the scrutiny of every conceivable school of divinity, have produced no alteration in it, there it stands, tried like the pure gold seven times in the furnace of adversity, there it is still κτημα ες αει a possession for ever, proclaiming to us all, "This is the way the English Church interprets to her own children, (her own, as distinguished from their brethren of other Churches,) that Book of GOD which is the common inheritance of them all." These are the *distinctive* doctrines of the Church of England.

This is the Prayer Book to which we clergy declare our unfeigned assent and consent. It is not only the law of the land, but the written law of the Church of England; and a strict and undeviating adherence to it in its plain literal and grammatical sense, without any deviation, addition, curtailment, or mental reservation whatever,—this is pre-eminently the principle of Tractarianism.

And are we to be called Popish because we adhere scrupulously to the Prayer Book of the Reformation? Are we to be called unfaithful because we say as our fathers said, *nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*

People may say, they do say sometimes—why not the Bible? the Bible is GOD'S Book. The Prayer Book, valuable as it may be, is only man's book after all. Why take the Prayer Book for your guide?

I will tell you. GOD planted every vegetable that we use in the wide field of the world, He put them there for man's use, and man's food, that he may live thereby; we take them thence, thankfully I hope, and remembering that they are GOD'S gifts; but we plant them in our gardens, and arrange them so that they shall come in at their proper seasons and times, so as to be most useful to us. It would be a very inconvenient thing if we had to go out into the fields and to search for any particular vegetable that we wanted at any particular time, and the chances are, that though there were plenty of them, we should not be able to put our hands on them just when they were wanted. It is a mistake to call the Prayer Book man's work, it is no more man's work than the turnips and carrots you plant in your gardens are man's work; it is man's arrangement, and it is adapted by the most scrupulous care to the wants of the English Church; but every doctrine of it, ay, and almost every expression and every word of it, is to be found in the Bible; and as for the very words of the

Bible, do you not know that the Prayer Book provides that the whole Bible be read through every year, the Old Testament once, the New Testament three times, and the Psalms twelve times? Nonsense about comparing the Prayer Book with the Bible. The Prayer Book is the Bible arranged for your use, and if you do not read the Bible and the whole Bible too, by the Prayer Book, whose fault is that? You are told to do so.

But I will tell you why we are particular about that Prayer Book. We are ministers of the Church of England, and that book is the book of the Church of England, and when we became ministers of that Church, we promised our unfeigned assent and consent to that book. This or that particular may not be of importance of itself, but the truth of our engagement is of importance, and if our conscience does not compel us to keep it in little things, what guarantee have you that we will keep it in great things? If I had promised you an acorn next first of October, and all the oaks in England had been blighted, it would become my duty to send to Spain for one, *but not for the value of the acorn*. Did you ever hear of Ruy Diaz el Campeador, who, in order to arm his men for a campaign against the Moors, had borrowed money upon some chests of stones, which the Jews of Burgos who lent it, imagined to be plate? He redeemed the pledge, and when his generals on seeing the chests opened, wondered at his doing so, (honesty does not seem to have been the Spaniard's forte in those days,) he said, Do you not know that there was in those chests a treasure far more precious than anything you can see? they contained el oro de mi verdad—the gold of my truth. Far more than meets the eye is implied in the keeping or the not keeping of a trifling rubric; it is not the thing itself, but it is the compromise of principle—it is the difference between truth and falsehood—between honesty and dishonesty. He who keepeth the whole law, but yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all, and rightly so, because he offends only where he is tempted to do so.

Well, we have another reason for being particular about that book; not perhaps a reason of such high obligation as that which I have just treated of, but one not without its force either. Beside being ministers of the English Church, we are citizens of the English nation, and as such we are bound to obey the laws of the land. I told you, that before the Prayer Book, or any alteration of it, could be used at all, as the laity are concerned in it, so the laity must accept it; and that they do this by means of parlia-

nent. The laity have indeed no power to alter it themselves, because it was not to them that the command "go teach all nations" was given, but it *is* their business to verify it. That is to say, in the words of the Bible, it is their business to search the Scriptures diligently, whether these things are so. Accordingly the Prayer Book, having been accepted by parliament, is made the law of the land by what is called an Act of Uniformity.

Let us take the last of these. The last time the Prayer Book was revised, was, as I told you, in the reign of Charles II. Let us see what the Act of Uniformity passed in the 14th year of that reign, says on this matter, and how the parliaments of those days speak of ministers who altered these things to suit their own fancies, and of the mischief which ensued from their so doing. As a simple matter of history, this act is instructive.

"Whereas by the great and scandalous neglect of ministers in using the said order of liturgy so set forth and enjoined as aforesaid, great mischiefs and inconveniencies during the time of the late unhappy troubles have arisen and grown: And many people have been led into factions and schisms to the great decay and scandal of the reformed religion of the Church of England, and to the hazard of many souls," and so forth: "Be it enacted by the king's most excellent majesty, with the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, and of the commons in parliament assembled," and so forth, "that every minister shall be bound to say and use the morning prayer, evening prayer, celebration and administration of both the Sacraments, and all other public and common prayer in *such order and form as is mentioned in the said book*," and so forth: "upon pain to forfeit the sum of five pounds to the poor of the parish for every such offence upon proof of two credible witnesses, before two justices of the peace."

Here you see an adaptation to all natures. However conscientious the clergy of the Church of England may be as a body, there will always be some among them who are not to be bound by either the engagements of their ordination or the laws of their Church. And for these a wise parliament has provided two credible witnesses and a bench of magistrates. As Duncan Macwheeble remarks, "an his honour winna believe the Leviticus, he might aye put his trust in the statute book."

A ludicrous instance of this occurred some years ago in the diocese of Winchester. I need not name the parish; many of us know all about it, and to those who do not, the story will do just as well without the names.

In the parish of X—— then, let us say, there was an individual, who being in the habit of reading his Prayer Book, a thing which very few people do, was struck with several little discrepancies between the directions therein contained, and the manner in which these directions were carried out by the curate. He wrote to him a friendly letter thereupon, pointing these things out, and desiring they might be restored. Above all, he did not see why he should every Sunday be deprived of the prayer for the Church militant, when the Church said as plainly as words could speak, that "on Sundays and other holy days, if there is no communion, then shall be said all that is appointed at the communion, unto the end of the general prayer for the whole state of CHRIST's Church militant here on earth."

The curate replied that some of these things he would do out of his friendship for Mr. ——, but that for the rest, his friend really must excuse him, he could not think of it.

Mr. —— returned an immediate answer, that friendship had nothing to do with the business; that these things were his right; and that he required them to be all done immediately.

"O!" said the curate, "if that is your way, I will not do anything. I'll let you see who is the master."

Mr. —— said nothing, but quickly bundled up the whole correspondence, and sent it to the Bishop through the Rural Dean.

His Lordship returned answer, that he had perused the whole correspondence, and did not see any reason for interfering in the matter. Bishops do generally act with great caution, and so they ought: pity this Bishop had not acted with a little more.

Mr. ——'s reply to his Lordship was, that he should have been very unwilling to engage a poor curate, in an affair which might be very expensive, but that he had no such scruples with respect to a rich Bishop; that possessing as he did a document proving that his Lordship had refused to do his duty when called upon, it was his intention to apply to the Queen's Bench for a *mandamus* to compel him; that he should be at church with two credible witnesses, on the following Sunday, and that he thought it fair to let his Lordship know it, as the business would probably be expensive.

He was there, with his two credible witnesses, but there was nothing to witness, except what was strictly correct—not a tittle of the rubric was violated. It was "a palpable hit egad!"

I will give you another story. Last winter I was memorialised against to our own Bishop. The Duke of Manchester and his

zealous friends had sent down their letters and had knocked up a terrible storm in our little parochial puddle. You cannot conceive how high the sea was running in our tea cup. Among other things our churchwardens told the Bishop that I walked straight from the Nicene Creed into the pulpit, and began my sermon without any prayer whatever. Now, our Bishop, who is a very considerate and judicious man, and who imagined that probably I knew more about my own business than the churchwardens, or the Duke of Manchester either, asked me what objection I had to using a prayer in the pulpit.

"Objection! my Lord," said I, "none whatever, only I have no authority: if your Lordship will give me a written authority I have no objection to say as many prayers as you like."

"But Mr. Newland," said his Lordship after a little consideration, "I cannot give you a written authority; I have no authority myself to do so."

"Then, my Lord," said I, "I humbly presume that I have no authority to do it without."

Well might the Bishop have said that he had no authority in that matter. I did not know it at the time, but as soon as the matter became public, a friend found it out for me: for using any prayer during service which is not marked in the Prayer Book, the fine on the offending priest is one third of the annual income of his benefice. And if the Bishop can be proved cognizant of the fact, *his* fine is a hundred marks, that is to say between seventy and eighty pounds.

It is singular that the punishment should be so severe, but the reason of it is this. At the time of the Reformation there were a great many clergymen who wished to do, what you say we Tractarians want to do now—hold all Romish doctrines and their benefices into the bargain. But since, whatever you may think to the contrary, our Protestant Prayer Book really does not permit this, they were in the habit of inserting the expunged portions of the service in all convenient parts, but particularly after the Nicene Creed. Cranmer therefore got that law passed, in order to make it dangerous for them to do so.

In these days, Bishops are quite incapable of doing wrong, as everybody knows; and therefore the Bishop of London, when he brings in a bill for the correction of criminous clergymen, is relieved from the painful duty of putting in anything about criminous Bishops. But Cranmer, I am sorry to say, had not the same implicit confidence in his episcopal brethren, which is enjoyed by

the Bishop of London now, so he put in a little clause about them also.

It is a singular thing, considering the number of unauthorized prayers and collects which are inserted every Sunday by clergymen OF ALL SORTS, my High Church friends as well as the rest, between that Nicene Creed and their sermons—to reflect that any one of them at the information of any one of his parishioners might be mulcted in one third of his income, and his Bishop possibly in eighty pounds into the bargain.

All this goes to the poor of the parish. What are the poor-law guardians doing that they neglect to avail themselves of so profitable a haul?

I have said so much about the Prayer Book for three reasons. The Prayer Book contains the whole principles of Tractarianism; and

In the first place I consider it your safeguard and ours against Popery.

In the second, I believe it will prove ultimately the ground on which all that is good of the Evangelical and Tractarian schools, will combine against their common enemy, the Indifferentism of the present age.

In the third place it will account for the seeming contradiction of a number of men acting together without party and without leaders.

We will take these three points each in its turn.

In the first place then, I think that if you remember the value which we Tractarians put upon the Prayer Book, its doctrines, its practices, even the very mint and anise and cummin of it, as well as the weightier matters of its law, you will soon begin to have less fear than you seem to have now, that our doctrines are the doctrines of Popery or in any way lead to it.

That Prayer Book which we prize so highly is pre-eminently the Book of the Reformation, and is therefore a perpetual though silent protest against the doctrines of Popery. It serves for this purpose better than the Bible itself, for this plain reason: the Romanists have the Bible as well as you, and that does not prevent them from holding Popish opinions: but I never heard of one of them using the English Prayer Book.

The simple fact, for instance, that the prayer for the Church militant contains no petition for the dead, while the corresponding prayer in the unreformed Prayer Books does contain a petition for the dead, is as Bishop Mant very justly observes, a standing

proof that the English Church disavows that doctrine. None of her ministers therefore can preach that doctrine, without first putting out that prayer from the Communion Service; and yet this is the very prayer that so many of you petition the Bishop to do, what it is as much as his place is worth to comply with, order it to be disused. This is but one instance out of many.

When I call the Prayer Book the book of the Reformation, I do not mean that it was written then; it would not be nearly so valuable, either as a manual of theology or as a protest against Rome, if it had been. It was collected then from the existent books; their errors were detected by a comparison with the doctrines of the primitive Church, and the whole was revised by the men of the Reformation. It expresses therefore the precise doctrines which these men held, more clearly than if they had written them themselves, because it shows that their attention was specially directed to those points, and that they either accepted or disavowed them.

When people in our days are hard run upon this point, they fly, like Newman, to the doctrine of developement, as he calls it. They would make out that Cranmer and his brethren were very great rogues, for that they suppressed half their real opinions in hopes of conciliating the Romanists of their times, and that they, the moderns, who have—heaven knows how they got it—some intuitive knowledge of what was the real mind of the Reformers, are gradually developing their true sentiments and the actual doctrines of the Church.

Now I do not believe that the Reformers were so dishonest; I have no reason to suppose they were, and I consider it a libel to call even a dead man a rogue, unless I can prove him to have been one. But even if I did believe it, what becomes of the two revisions at the Hampton Court and the Savoy, at about a hundred years apart from each other, when that same Prayer Book was so severely sifted and tried, and no sort of developement had taken place, but the same doctrines in the same form were again put forth by the clergy, and accepted by the laity?

It is for this reason that I say that our present Prayer Book contains unaltered the doctrines of the Reformation, and that the doctrines of the English Reformation are the doctrines of CHRIST'S Church.

Now see this. Are we going to be led to Rome by pinning our faith on the doctrines of the Reformation? Are Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, leading us to Rome? Is it a proof that we are aim-

ing at Rome, because we treasure their book and their doctrines? Did you ever hear of people intending to go to a foreign country, and as a preparation exhibiting in an open basket goods which they knew to be contraband in that country? Do you suppose that the Prayer Book of the Reformation is not contraband at Rome? Lead us to Rome! why it is your safeguard: and what better safeguard can you have against Rome?

My second reason is, that in proportion as we bring into light the plain doctrines and requirements of the Prayer Book, in that very same proportion we must accelerate the union of the Evangelical and Tractarian elements, against their common enemy, Indifferentism.

Mere noisy partisans, of course, this will not affect in any way, except with anger and jealousy that their occupation of disturbing the Church is gone: but mere noisy partisans are the plague and disgrace of every movement. We do not want them; we had rather not have them; perhaps we might spare them one or two of our own, and be all the better for it. But the honest and conscientious must in the end be brought together. There stands the Prayer Book, the silent but constant remembrancer to both, of what really are those doctrines which both schools equally profess as members of the Church of England. As they look at them they cannot help seeing those points in which each has deviated from his common rule.

"Why do you," it was asked of Mr. Close, "deny Baptismal Regeneration, and then, whenever you read the service for Baptism, thank GOD that He has in this office regenerated this child?" The contradiction was glaring: it was like a ribbon of two foot six inches applied to a yard measure; it was evidently six inches short, and what was worse, it had to be applied every Sunday, and before heaps of witnesses.

Well, at first, men, old men who had gone on all their lives in this inconsistency—without thinking of it, perhaps, or noticing it, at a time when these things were done in a corner, now that they are brought out against them, do not like to say honestly and openly, "We have been wrong all our lives; we made a mistake; we are very sorry for it; we will do better for the future." You cannot expect an old man to do this; he would fancy it was lowering him in the eyes of his parishioners, and diminishing his influence: besides, there is always a certain degree of obstinacy in human nature; a man holds an opinion because he has held it.

It is most natural then that these men should invent all sorts

of ingenious theories, in order to avoid owning themselves wrong; and this is the origin of charitable hypothesis, and prevenient grace, and half a hundred other schemes, excusable enough under the circumstances. But the mischief is, that those people do not above half believe the truth of their own argument; they have a secret misgiving that they are humbugging themselves, and a slight suspicion that they are deceiving no one else, and so they get angry and abuse us, because we will keep shoving these unpleasant things before their eyes. It is not us they are angry with, but their own consciences, that will not let them rest in peace, with that irritating contradiction always sticking in them. How can they help being out of temper? Their consciences have got a thorn in them; they have not the energy to pick it out, so it is always making itself to be felt whenever they move.

We are not going to gain those people, but we do not blame them, neither do we laugh at them; we are sorry for them, we think that under their peculiar circumstances they are deserving of great consideration.

Well, but the younger men, they who are not committed by any previously expressed opinions, who, never having been leaders, are not ashamed of confessing that they have not understood the doctrines of the Church, they who are obliged to see their Prayer Book, and read their Prayer Book, and understand their Prayer Book, ay, and if they mean to be clergymen, to be examined in their Prayer Book before they declare their unfeigned assent and consent to it,—they have their consciences, and will neither teach against it nor prevaricate with it. Besides, these things are so much talked about, that the laity are beginning to read and inquire for themselves, and many of them are quite able to see the difference between their parson's teaching and the prayers he is obliged to read.

All this the younger men will not face; and any examining chaplain will tell you, that year after year the candidates of the lax school are becoming fewer and fewer. Men whose consciences actually will not allow them to teach the Church's doctrine, will not enter into the Church's ministry; but these are very few, and the consequence is, that those who do not enter the Church's ministry, are drawn nearer and nearer every day to the common point of union.

Before I take up the next question, let me say a few words about Honesty, and its effect on the English mind, for my attention has been especially called to this subject by the public prints.

All nations have their characteristics, and one great feature of the English character is honesty. Plain downright John Bull, he detests a humbug, he hates equivocation, he hates a Jesuit, not so much for his doctrines, of which he knows nothing, as for his want of straightforwardness. John is rather short in the temper, and a little prejudiced withal; he is subject to periodical fits of passion, which, as we learn from that high authority, the Latin grammar, is a short madness. His mind, at such a time, is very like the needle of a boat-compass in the race of the Lizard. If you have never been in the Lizard race during a squall, lucky for you. I have. While the squalls of popular madness, and the cross tides of partizanship, and the undertow of prejudice are knocking up such a bubble of a sea, that you do not know what to hold on by, the needle spins round and round, and runs to every point of the compass. But no sooner does the sea go down, than back, and back, and back it vibrates, till at last it settles down to the old magnetic north of the English character—Truthfulness and Honesty.

There was nothing that damaged us quite so much as when one of our writers, hard run and pressed into a corner about some practices which he ought never to have entertained, talked about holding doctrines "in a non-natural sense." The public stormed at him, the press ridiculed him, our opponents exulted over him, and we repudiated him, and he deserved it all. But for a long while that non-natural sense stuck by us. And I firmly believe, that, innocent as we were of it, it injured us more than all our secessions to Rome put together, because it offended directly against the national character.

Again, there was nothing that damaged the Bishop of Worcester and his party more, than, when he in his turn was run into a corner, and finding a difficulty in squeezing his principles down to his practice, gave it as his opinion that the solemn engagements of our Induction need not be kept with Chinese exactness. He has not yet heard the last of his Chinese exactness, and I suppose never will in the course of his natural life.

And so it is when men put a non-natural sense on the words of the Prayer Book, either in discipline or in doctrine, either in the rubrics or in the prayers themselves, besides grating against their own consciences, this shifty method is beginning to grate upon the consciences of the laity who are looking on. Men cannot stand it, and so some of them, who cannot abide the absurdity of reading one thing in the Prayer Book and preaching an-

other in the pulpit, take to leaving out bits of the service and changing the lessons,—but that does not much improve matters, because they know that they are bound down to a particular service, and particular lessons. And here comes in John Bull's old honest nature. Why do you give your unfeigned assent and consent, says he, to a thing that you mean to alter? I do not understand mental reservations; if the services of the Church do not suit your fancy, who asked you to undertake them?—if you undertook them willingly, why do you not do them?

This is the way people begin to reason, and matters are beginning to get a little dangerous. Since I have been engaged in the Manchester and Salford education controversy, in which Canon Stowell and I have taken opposite sides, I have had more than one letter from Manchester, urging me to expose him, for leaving out and changing parts of the service. I do not want to expose Canon Stowell, it is no business of mine, it has nothing to do with the Manchester and Salford Education Scheme; but these people will soon begin to find out that instead of writing to me they can help themselves. There is a great deal of virtue in the £5 penalty: I am inclined to think that Honesty is the best Policy.

In common fairness, however, I should say that it is not among the Low Church only that the Prayer Book is of use. Many a wild colt of ours that would have bolted into all Romanizing doctrines and practices—if not into Rome itself, has been tripped up by that excellent lunging rein the Prayer Book, and thus brought to his senses. I wish you would read a chapter in a little book by my friend Mr. Gresley, called "Bernard Leslie, or a Tale of the last ten years," (while you are about it you may as well read the whole book) but at all events read that chapter where Leslie pulls up his High Church curate Mr. Monckton, curate of High Kirkstall, (the name alone is worth something) and then you will see of what use the Prayer Book is as a lunging rein for impetuous young clergymen. I mean to quote from that chapter by and by, but I first want to give you my third reason for making so much of the Prayer Book.

If it is our bond of union, this explains the reason why, with all the appearance of a party to those who are without, we are not a party, and do not work under the conditions of a party. I told you, in my last lecture, that neither in the Vice Chancellor's Court, where the question was asked, nor anywhere else could people define what they meant by Puseyites and Tractarians. Of course they cannot; in order to define a party you must be able to point out its leader and to designate its doctrines.

Well then, you ask, where is your leader? We have no leader. What are your doctrines? We have no doctrines; we have doctrines as Churchmen. You will find them in the Prayer Book; and those are your doctrines too, or ought to be; you are Churchmen too. Those doctrines we stand up for gallantly and firmly, and so should you; but as Tractarians we have no doctrines.

What, no doctrines?—no leader?—then you are not a party. To be sure we are not, any more than all Christian Churchmen are a party. We have all the same object before us; the restoration of the English Church, and we have all the same road to it, the ordinances and doctrines of the Prayer Book.

Now see here—when a great number of men are going towards the same object, and travelling by the same road and at the same time, they look like a party though they are not a party necessarily. Their only connection may be their object and the road that leads to it; and if they are all moving independently, though one may seem to be first, or another may seem to be first, yet there is no leader. The common aim or object is the leader. Suppose the man who seems to be first in this movement should lose sight of his object, which you will recollect in our case is the restoration of the English Church. Suppose instead he goes star-gazing after some Ideal Church in the clouds; he edges out of his way and very naturally falls into the ditch, and perhaps, covered with mud, he scrambles out on the farther or Romish side of it. Oh! oh! say the spectators, they have lost their leader. They must fall to pieces now and lose their way; not a bit—there is not even a check in the movement; he was no leader of ours, he had only been going along our road, till his wits went wool-gathering and then he wandered out of it; but what does it signify—we were not steering by him, but by our object, we are very sorry for our lost man,—we hope he has got a soft seat on the other side of the ditch, and has found what I think is technically called "Rest in Rome;" we trust that he will soon be able to scrape from off his clothes the mud that he has picked up in getting there, but his loss does not hinder *us*, whether we be many or few, there is our object,—and there is our road just the same.

And now look at those honest worthy conscientious people who have come up by the Evangelical turning. Why they have the very same object before them,—the very same restoration of the English Church,—they have the same road to walk in now, the practices and principles of the Prayer Book, and as we are all travelling at the same time, our party looks twice as large as it was. Not at all; there are only a greater number of travellers,

they are not at all more a party, but those who have the same road, and the same object, cannot long be kept asunder.

Did you ever hear how it was that the celebrated Dr. Woolf turned Puseyite? I did not hear the story from his own lips certainly, but I heard it from one who did.

You all know Woolf, the great missionary, many of you no doubt have seen him; well, Dr. Woolf was travelling in some out-of-the-way place in the far East, I forget the name of it, but that does not greatly signify, most likely I could not pronounce it if I remembered it. However, it was in the diocese of one of the Bishops of the Eastern Church, and in the course of his wanderings Woolf fell in with the Bishop.

"Who are you?" said his Lordship, looking at him over suspiciously.

"A poor missionary," said the Doctor.

"A what!" said the Bishop.

"A missionary," said Dr. Woolf, pulling out his little black Bible. Any one who has ever seen Woolf fingering his Bible, will remember how it seems always to open of itself at the precise text he wants. "I am come to preach salvation to these poor people. How shall they call on Him on Whom they have not believed? or how shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard,—or how shall they hear without a preacher?"

"That is all very well," said the Bishop, "but why don't you finish the text?* 'How shall they preach except they be *sent*?' Who sent *you*?"

"Sent?" said Woolf.

"Yes; sent," said the Bishop. "My Metropolitan sent me, and his predecessors sent him, and I send my priests and deacons. Now, who sent you?"

"The Spirit of the LORD," said Woolf boldly, for he was not a man to be put out of countenance. "I hope you do not deny that CHRIST is able to send His own messengers without human intervention?"

"GOD forbid that I should doubt it for one moment," said the Bishop; "I know that He can. I know that He sent Moses and Aaron without human intervention to establish the Aaronic priesthood, and I know that He superseded this very priesthood of His own ordination, by sending, also without human intervention, the

* By the way, Evangelicals very seldom do finish that text, and it is singular they do not too, because that text would tell them of a doctrine which they generally know very little about—the Apostolical Succession.

apostolic priesthood; and what He did once, of course He can do again. God forbid that I should doubt that: I should be a Jew if I did. Still I do observe, that whenever God sends any one directly from Himself and without human intervention, He is always graciously pleased to confirm His own appointment to the minds of His faithful servants by signs and wonders. Moses called down bread from heaven. He and Aaron brought forth waters from the rock. And so also when God was pleased to supersede their priesthood, many wonders and signs were wrought by the hands of the Apostles. They did not go upon their own testimony, but appealed to these as witnesses; as in the case of their Master Himself, the works that they did testified of them. Now," continued his lordship, "without at all doubting the possibility that a Woolfish succession may be commissioned to supersede that of the Apostles, where are your witnesses? I suppose you do not expect us to take your word for it: what supernatural powers do you appeal to in proof of your heavenly mission?"

This was a puzzler; it had been a puzzler to Mohammed several hundred years before. The prophet however, got out of it cleverly, by saying that he had written the Koran, which as every one could see, was a miracle in itself; but poor Woolf could not say he had written the Bible, so he fell a thinking.

The result was that he came home, I will not say a better man, for a most excellent man he was always, but by many shades a wiser man. He settled in England, he got a living, and the last time I saw him, he was preaching a tolerably High Church sermon in Archdeacon Denison's church at East Brent, while the Archdeacon himself was sitting at the reading-desk, looking at him with a patronising and fatherly air, nodding his head occasionally at any particularly orthodox passage, as if he were saying to himself, "Come, for a young hand that is not so bad."*

This is a very fair specimen of the way in which this fusion between these two sects of reformers, the Evangelicals and Tractarians, is taking place every day. It is not by any overt act, not by meetings, and concordats, and concessions, and drawing up of articles; that would be impossible, because as we have no party nor leader, we have no one to act for the whole body. The process is much more simple. It is merely this: a number of zealous,

* It is right to say that the author has received a very characteristic letter from Dr. Woolf disclaiming all right to be styled a Puseyite. The author is very happy to state his perfect conviction that Dr. Woolf is no more a Puseyite than he is himself.

earnest-minded people are searching after truth. Truth is one, and the nearer they all get to it, the nearer they get to one another.

Of course, in this process of fusion, numbers will shatter off on every side, for this plain reason, that in every school of opinion, besides those zealous, earnest-minded people who adorn it, and direct it, and give weight to it by their character, and life to it by their energies, there will always be a number of noisy declaimers, and riotous partizans, and feather-headed enthusiasts, and not a few downright hypocrites too, who make their profit by their partizanship; that mixed multitude, in fact, which we read of in the Bible that went up with Israel, but were not Israel, the camp followers of every army, which swell its numbers and add to its embarrassments at the same time. These we must expect to lose from both sides, but especially from the Evangelicals, whose broad shallow system has so slight a parapet of distinctive doctrine between themselves and the Protestant dissenters. Numbers of them are continually falling over at every movement. We are sorry no doubt to lose any one, we admit that in the Church's battle against the World we want every hand we can muster, but after all, camp followers are not the strength of an army. The Church can very well spare them.

When I speak of the camp followers in that great army, the Church, those who swell her numbers while they diminish from her strength, do not imagine that I am speaking of the Evangelicals only; plenty of them they have no doubt, and very angry I made some of them in my neighbourhood, by comparing them in a little pamphlet of mine, to the froth on a quart pot, which is sure to come to the top and thrust itself into sight, but which is good for nothing but to be blown off, in order to get at the good sound liquor below. It is inconceivable what a savage answer they wrote; the wonder is how I survived it.

And now I suppose I shall draw another Leviathan with my hook, from the other side of the question, when I say that I have sometimes seen a little froth on the top of our quart pot too: men who deceive themselves into the idea that they are clothing themselves with all Pusey's piety, when they are only putting on Pusey's dirty surplice.* Of all the enemies we Tractarians have ever had, and we have had enough of them in all conscience, there is none that I dread like the High Church dilettante, who is so very High Church that he gets fairly into the steeple.

* Horace tells us of a similar delusion in his times with respect to the toga of Cato.

These men we have, and must have. Thankful am I that they are much less numerous than they were. The breed is fast wearing out, but whenever we find them, we neither defend nor spare them. Hear what Paget says of them, and no one who has ever read the Warden of Berkingholt, or the Tales of the Village, will suspect Paget of Evangelical tendencies.

"Churchmen," says he, "have been now and then distressed of late years by the intolerable folly of disciples of the Tractarian school, who, in their vanity and love of notoriety, have made it the apparent object of their lives, to render themselves as unlike their neighbours as possible, not in holiness, self-devotion, and secret acts of self-denial, but by making themselves conspicuous in externals, bowing and crossing, and performing all manner of notable antics, and thereby distracting their neighbours' attention instead of aiding their devotions; writing notes to their tailor or greengrocer, and dating them S. Ethelburga's day, or the morrow of the Translation of the bones of S. Symphorosa, hitting upon every conceivable singularity that seems to savour of Popery, and at the same time is likely to direct attention to themselves."

These, and there are many more of them, are not the words of the Record. They are the words of a very celebrated writer among ourselves, one to whom we Tractarians owe much; and I quote them to show you that we do not spare our own party when they deserve censure.

And this is not a solitary instance. I wish I had time to quote from a chapter of that book of Mr. Gresley's, to which I before alluded, in order to show you how an experienced rector ought to deal, ay, and to my own knowledge, does deal, for Bernard Leslie has many a living parallel, with an earnest but ill-judging young man, whose zeal outruns his discretion.

But why should I take instances of fiction? Who is there among ourselves so high or so esteemed, that we pass over his errors? Does any admiration, does any sympathy, which we profess for any individual, blind our judgment with regard to any particular acts of that individual? I need not select instances; they are to be found in all our papers, some of them so remarkable that they cannot fail to occur to every one of us.

I ask you to look back through the pages of the Record, and I challenge you to find any thing at all similar to this. Do their eminent men never commit errors in judgment, that the Record never chronicles them?

Now let me intreat you to mark this difference, and to draw

your own inferences from it. Why is it that we can afford to judge and condemn, and do condemn most severely, any one among ourselves who is in error, however eminent he may be, but that the Evangelicals do not and cannot?

Is it not that they have no rule to measure themselves by, and therefore cannot tell whether, in any particular act or sentiment, they are in order or out of order, faithful or unfaithful? And thus having no rule, they have no confidence in pronouncing upon individual acts on their own merits, but are *obliged* to take up things in the aggregate as a matter of partizanship, not that such a thing is right because it is according to the standard rule, but that it must be according to the rule, because Mr. Close or Mr. Somebody else has said it.

We, on the other hand, who take the Prayer Book of the English Church for our guide, censure at once and unsparingly any dereliction from that Prayer Book, and that as well in ourselves as in our adversaries. I have myself been corrected by a brother Tractarian and member of our Union, for a deviation from the ritual which I had heedlessly committed, and I was thankful for the correction, and altered it immediately.

I said just now, that every day we had fewer and fewer extravagant High Churchmen. Is there not a reason for this, when every one of them has before him every day of his life, a rule of interpretation to be tried by, and is tried by that rule?

Can the Evangelicals say as much?

Is it not evident therefore, (as Mr. Gresley observes) that though there are extravagancies and errors on both sides, yet that the errors of the Evangelicals are the errors of their system, whereas the errors of Churchmen are the errors of individuals.

Call us unfaithful to the Church of England! how can we be unfaithful to the Church of England, when our leading principle is faithfulness to the book of the Church of England? If we are unfaithful to that, it is not to the Church only that we are unfaithful, but to our own party and our own principles; and our own party repudiate us and cast us off.

I gave you in my last lecture our Confession of Faith, from Archdeacon Denison. I will give you to-day our rule of conduct from Mr. Gresley.

"Our only safe course," he says, "is to keep strictly to our Church, without turning to the right hand or to the left. If we think one ordinance a petty ceremony, and begin to neglect it, we shall soon give up another, and another.

"Why should we allow ourselves to go to extremes in one way or the other; why not keep to our own Church? Aristotle tells of a baker who asked his employer whether he liked his meat over-done or underdone. Why cannot you do it *right?* said the man. So why cannot we by GOD'S grace, keep right; why not keep to our Church? Why go off to either extreme? If we keep to what is written we are safe; but once let us suffer ourselves to depart from the prescribed ordinance, and we know not to what lengths we may be carried."

Now let me cap this by the authority of Bishop Bedell. So far from falling in with the lax and convenient interpretation of the great repudiator of Chinese exactness, he said that for his part, he would never depart from the rule of observing the conformity prescribed by the law of the Church; for he thought that conformity was an *exact* adhering to the Rubric, and that adding any new rite or ceremony was as much nonconformity, as the passing over of those which were prescribed. And he said that they were as much nonconformists who added of their own, as they that came short of what was enjoined, *just as he who adds an inch to a measure disowns it for a rule, just as much as he who cuts an inch from it.* This was Bishop Bedell's rule, and I beg you to lay it to heart.

And now to return to my quotation. "Long time and persevering exertion will be required to accustom men's minds again to the true system of the Church as received from Apostolic ages. But the difficulties are not insurmountable, because through GOD'S merciful providence we have our English Prayer Book as a standard to refer to. It is on that mainly that our preservation as a Church has hitherto depended, and that must be our chief instrument in effecting the restoration which is needed. If our Prayer Book be tampered with by any party, the glory of the English Church will have departed. But as long as we maintain that treasure inviolate, it will still afford a basis on which to rebuild our solemn worship and invigorate our languishing system with the spirit of purer and holier ages."

LECTURE III.

THE last time I lectured here, I quoted a favourite maxim among us Tractarians about "everything at its proper time, everything in its proper place, and everything to its proper use." It is astonishing how much difficulty people experience in putting this maxim into practice, even so far as to enable them to distinguish what subjects are proper for a lecture room, and what are not. The last time I addressed you I was obliged to begin my lecture with protesting against the irreverence of making the market-place a place of prayer. I now protest against that of making it a place for handling holy subjects.

Matters of Church-discipline we are ready enough to handle, questions concerning this we are ready enough to answer. We are ready enough to prove that we are faithful followers of the Church of England; that our practices and teaching are ruled by our Church; that we never wilfully depart, either from her laws, or our engagements. Much more than this we are able both to explain and to prove; and not able only, but willing and ready: but this is not the place for it. If you want further explanation, read our books, consult us in private, write to us with proper authentication of your names, that we may be sure our correspondents are not Gawthornes; above all, follow us to our churches,—not for the purpose of finding out faults, but with the wish to ascertain the true nature of our teaching. We invite you. Like our Master, we speak openly to the people, in secret we do nothing. If you do this, you will soon find out that the teaching of the Church is the teaching of the Bible. All that we can venture to do in such a place as this, is to show you that our teaching is the teaching of the Church.

Take these lectures for no more than for what they are intended. I do not attempt to explain the doctrines of the Church of England: that for the present I leave to other hands; that I would wish to see treated of in another and a holier place, and in another and a graver style. Do you suppose that I would mix up the deep and mysterious truths of our religion with jokes and stories for popular amusement? I have spoken of those truths at a proper time and place,—when I was preparing my flock for Confirmation, when I was in my pulpit, or my own study: these are the places for such subjects. As soon as I have finished these lectures to you, I shall get my Confirmation Lectures to my own

flock ready for the press. You have seen how I speak to those who come to me for amusement; you may then, if you please, see how I speak to those who come for instruction and improvement of their means of grace. All I undertake to do now and here is, to show that we are faithful to our own engagements; that we teach that which at our Ordination we promised to teach; that we follow the practices we engaged to follow, and submit to the discipline to which we bound ourselves to submit.

As I came into the room last time, a paper was put into my hands about the Sacramental System of the English Church; and after the lecture, when we permitted questions to be asked, a string of interrogatories were put forward about the Real Presence. The Record, I understand, abuses me for my levity in treating of such matters. If I treated of them AT ALL, in such a place, the Record would be quite right: but I never did; I never would. And as for you, we cannot permit any one at our lectures to bring forward subjects that we do not venture to touch upon ourselves. When and where have we ever entered into discussions on these high mysteries? What could any one have seen in us, to warrant him in imagining for one moment that we, who are appointed by GOD as the stewards of these mysteries, should be so unfaithful to our trust, as to permit them to be exposed to the multitude, and desecrated in the lecture-room? Such matters as these, be assured, we do not ourselves approach without deep and earnest prayer. We treat of them either in the quiet of our retirement, or in the House of GOD; never in places of worldly resort: and we should consider ourselves unfaithful to our other office—that of Ambassadors of CHRIST—did we permit you to do so. Be it, then, understood, we are not concerned now to prove that the Church of England is a true branch of CHRIST's Holy Catholic Church: we believe it, as we would believe a thing on which our salvation depends; but this is not the place to prove it. If there are any who wish to attack their own Church,—if there are any who would cast her down from her high place among the Churches of GOD, and degrade her into an Establishment of the State, or an Institution of man,—let them do it: they are welcome to try their best, and do their worst. We, on our parts, are ready and willing,—ay, and by GOD's grace able, too,—to defend her: but not here.

About what concerns ourselves we may speak, and speak here; and therefore, as far as these points go, I will take notice of the printed paper which I alluded to before.

Upon what ground of common honesty can our system be said to bring forward a book of minor importance—meaning the Prayer Book—in opposition to the Bible, when according to the teaching of that Prayer Book we bind ourselves to read openly in the ears of the people the whole of the Old Testament once, and the whole of the New Testament three times in every year, besides drawing their attention more particularly on each successive Sunday to some remarkable series of passages conveying in its proper order some special doctrine appropriate to the season? Ay, and not only bind ourselves to do so, but we Tractarians act up to our engagements, and do it.

I am not acquainted with the writer of that paper. I hope he is in the room now, that he may hear me ask him publicly whether if he is a Clergyman, he has done this himself, and whether if he is a layman, he has attended to this himself during the last year. If he has not, and I have, I ask him which of us two makes the Bible his Book,—which of us two is faithful to his engagements and which is not?

I will tell you what was once said to me by a Roman Catholic Priest. "You Clergy of the Establishment," so he had the impudence to call our Church, "are very excellent men, very learned men, very hard-working men, very pious men: it is a great pity you have three faults, for without these you would be perfect."

Come, thought I, pricking up my ears, this is a pretty fair admission from an enemy. "And what may these three faults be?"

"Why," said he, "you don't say your Creeds; you don't read your Bible; and you don't say your prayers."

"Whew!" said I, "what can you possibly mean?"

"Why," said he, "is it not so? I have often heard the Athanasian Creed left out at all events; as for the Bible, you are told, no doubt, to read some of it every day; but that is not the question: the question is, do you read the Bible which is appointed for you to read? As for your prayers, you have a common prayer, no doubt, which you are told to say morning and evening throughout the year. I do not deny that; what I say is, that you do not say it, and we do say it."

"But, my good sir," said I, "you are wrong; I do."

"You!" said he, "what, are you the type of all the Clergy of England? will you venture to say that there is one in a hundred of them that does these things?"

Now what could I say? Is there? Is my friend the writer of the paper one of them? I do not think he is.

Now see how much he knows about us. See what he says. "The Tractarians will tell you so to run that you may obtain the prize; but it must be in their way, Baptism the starting point, and receiving the Sacrament the obtaining the prize—Sacramental Salvation ! !"

The Tractarians tell him this! Why there is not a child in a Tractarian National School who would not tell him that Baptism is the starting-point, no doubt—he is right enough there—but that his inheritance in heaven is the prize, and that the Communion is the nourishment or food appointed to strengthen his soul for the race. Bless your teacher's innocence, he does not know a great deal about Tractarianism. And that is the way with all these Evangelicals: they paint a Tractarian according to their own ideas of what a Tractarian is, and then they proceed to demolish him, which they do not find a difficult job at all. The only thing is, that the original is not much like the painting.

Mr. Neale was explaining to you in his last lecture how they had contrived a bracketed PrayerBook, the bracketed passages to be left out by people of tender consciences. I have never seen the book; do any of you know whether there is a bracket over the ninth commandment? it would be an uncommonly useful one to some people.*

By the way, while you are about it, what do you say to a bracketed Bible? there are some very awkward texts in it, that pinch the conscience in a most uncomfortable way: if these ingenious Evangelicals would only take that in hand, they would be conferring a public benefit. There was either a Bible or a Prayer Book, if I recollect right, with the word [not] bracketed out of the seventh commandment; a few such brackets would make the Bible quite another boqk: it would not hurt the tenderest of consciences, and it would do very well for our modern houses of Parliament,—for Jew, Turk, Infidel, and Heretic, might use it alike. Think of this, some of you Evangelicals; turn it over in your minds; your party may find it useful.

* Since this lecture was delivered, a friend of mine, happening to pass by the Roman Catholic Chapel at Bath while the Priest was catechising the children, went in to see how such things were done in that Church. The Priest was not very long before he found out the heretic, and framed his questions accordingly.

"How many Sacraments have we in the Holy Church?"

"Seven," was the ready answer.

"And how many have they in the Church of England?"

"Two only."

"O no, my boy," said the Priest, "they had two, but the Privy Council has cut out one of them. They have only one left now."

And now let me explain to you how it was that I became a Tractarian.

I must, however, here ask you to call to mind what I said in my first lecture, that I answer to this name, not because it is my name, but because you please to call me by it. Miss Edgeworth says, if I choose to call my hat a cadwallader, and explain to you that I do call it so, my hat, for all practical purposes, is a cadwallader. Whenever I use the word, after having explained it to you, you would know that I meant by it the thing that I put upon my head. I have a perfect right to call my hat or your hat a cadwallader; the only objection to my doing so is, that I should have to explain the word a good many times; in fact, pretty nearly as often as I used it. And that is the only objection to a great many words, all of which will suit me very well. Are you a Catholic? say you: yes, that I am; but I do not blurt this out in all societies, because it would give me continually the trouble of explaining that I have no connection with the people over the way. Are you a Protestant? Yes, O yes; I am not at all ashamed of calling myself a Protestant, only I do not want to have the trouble of telling people that I have no connection with that coat of many colours, the Protestant Alliance. Thus, also, I certainly am an Evangelical; perhaps I have a greater title to call myself so than some folk who rejoice in that name,—for I not only carry to my people the glad tidings of salvation, but I do not shun to declare to them the *whole* counsel of God: still there is a long explanation to be gone through, which makes it very inconvenient to call myself an Evangelical, and so I don't call myself one.*

* Some of the old inhabitants of Brighton may possibly recollect my old Rector, Mr. Ferryman, whose family then lived here: no one who had ever seen his herculean frame, his firm determined countenance, that looked as if it had been cast in iron, with his long white hair flowing over his shoulders, could ever forget him. When I got my present appointment to Westbourne and left his curacy, he was about ninety, and looked still as if he could and willingly would play Entellus to any one's Dares.

When I went to take leave of him he was in conversation with my intended successor, a smart, well-dressed, self-satisfied looking youth, with an immense display of white shirt and black whisker.

"It may not exactly please you," said the young fellow, with an affected, mincing tone, "I do not think it will; but I think it right to tell you nevertheless, that I am an Evangelical preacher, and that I expect to be allowed to preach full Evangelical doctrines."

"Sir," said the old man, in his deep, firm tones, "What then am I? what doctrines do I preach? Have you the conceit and impertinence to imagine that you and your sect are the only people who preach Evangelical doctrines? You

Thus, also, if you like to call me a Tractarian, I am a Tractarian, and I answer to the name: but I do not like the name, nor call myself so, because it gives me the trouble of repeating so often that I do not feel myself bound to believe or to defend all that is written in the Tracts for the Times.

I will show you the sort of inconvenience I mean. Some years ago, at one of the Bishop's public dinners, there was a pertinacious little gentleman who fixed a piercing gaze full in my face from a pair of truculent-looking spectacles, and kept pegging into me across the table with "What have you got to say about the Doctrine of Reserve? How can you look us in the face after Tract No. 90?" till at last I lost all patience, and electrified them all by bursting out, "My good friend, my name is not New*man*, but New*land*. I never wrote one word of all those tracts; and what is more, I never read them. I have sins enough to answer for of my own, and I won't be made to answer for the sins of other people."

Now then, call me Tractarian if you like, and I will be answerable for my own writings; but don't make me answerable for everything that everybody has written whom you choose to call by the same name,—for that I will not stand.

Well, but if I think it a trouble to answer to the name of Catholic, and Protestant, and Evangelical, and Tractarian, what are you to call me, what name will I call myself?

Call me an English Churchman: that is what I am, and there can be no mistake about that. As for my being baptized and an Englishman, there is my baptismal register at S. James', Westminster, for any one who likes to pay a shilling to see it; and as for my being a Churchman, I hold by the Apostles' doctrine in my Creed; I remain in the Apostles' fellowship under my Bishop; I abide by the Breaking of the Bread; and I am perfectly satisfied with the prayers. That is the way the Bible defines a Churchman, and that definition will do for me.

I am an English Churchman.

Having laid down this as the title by which I designate myself, I have no objection to tell you how it was I came to be a Tractarian. Not that I mean you to infer from this, that at any known time of my life I began to embrace the doctrines held by the

have been badly taught, sir, and worse brought up. Your youth may be some excuse perhaps for your ignorance and presumption now, but it will be no excuse five or six years hence. Go home, sir, and read your Bible and learn your own duty as a Christian before you presume to teach other people."

Tractarians; theirs are the doctrines of the English Church, and I cannot tell you when and how I learnt them. I always held them; they grew with me. I understood them better as I grew older, and read more, no doubt: but there never was a time in my life when I had them not.

Some of you may recollect Matthews and his exquisite readings; at the end of one of them an enthusiastic admirer rushed up to him, "O, Mr. Matthews," said he, "I will give you a hundred pounds if you will tell me who taught you to read." "I won't take your hundred pounds," said Matthews, "but I will tell you for nothing if you like. *It was my mother.*" So say I. My spiritual Mother is the Church of England: and I can no more tell you how I learnt her doctrines, than I can tell you how I learnt to breathe.

But how to apply her discipline I did learn; and I will tell you where, and when, and how I learnt it: at least, I will tell you how it was my thoughts were first turned that way, and how it was I came to see the short-comings of myself and my brethren in the Ministry, and how I found that we did not act up to our own engagements, and that we had got into slack habits and slovenly practices, and had never found it out, because we were all one as bad as the other: and thus, too, did I find out what was the moral effect of all this upon our people. I wanted no Tracts for the Times to tell me this, neither did I read them. I found it out for myself; and I will tell you how I did it.

It is now a good many years ago since I was visiting a friend, who lived about two miles from the town of Geneva: my friend's establishment was a pretty large one, and contained a good many servants, some of whom were Romanist, and some Protestant. As for being honest or dishonest, good or bad, I suppose they were all very like other servants: but in one respect there was a very marked difference between the Romanists and the Protestants. Geneva, as a canton, is Protestant of some sort, no doubt; but though there is an octroi at the gates of the town about bread and meat, and cheese and butter, though they are terrible protectionists in provisions, there is quite free trade in religion. The canton is divided into communes, who meet every year, and vote what religion they will be of for the next twelve months: and though most of these communes do like to be Protestant of some sort—and that is a pretty wide term, taking in, like your alliance, everything, from Calvin to Socinus inclusive—yet now and then it happens, for all that, that the Pope gets the majority; upon which the mi-

norities are expected to conform,—something in this way. My friend was painting a boat. One day the painter was missing. "What became of you yesterday?" said my friend. "Pardonnez moi, monsieur, I was keeping the feast of Saint Somebody." "Keeping the feast of Saint Somebody!—why, you are a Protestant!" "C'est vrai, monsieur; but my commune last Tuesday was a week, voted the other way: so I am obliged to keep the feast; but as for the Saint," shrugging his shoulders, "Bah!" This is a digression; it is merely to account for the servants being a mixed establishment, and for there being a Roman Catholic chapel in a Protestant canton; in fact there was one about a mile from the house.

In all those places there is daily service at a very early hour: one and all the Romanist servants used to get up to attend this service and to say their prayers; getting back to the house just as their Protestant brethren and sisters were coming down from their bedrooms. Here was something to think about; both Papists and Protestants were told to say their prayers, and to assemble themselves in GOD'S house. Both trees were to be judged by their fruits, and here were the Papists doing it, and the Protestants neglecting it. There must be some reason for this. Again, on Sunday where were the Romanists?—one and all gone to Mass, which I need hardly tell you is the name they give to the Holy Communion. Where were the Protestants? They certainly went to church *sometimes:* but as for the Holy Communion, they never thought of such a thing. Now this was singular; both these people had been told that "except they ate the flesh of the Son of Man, and drank His Blood, they had no life in them;" and the Protestants had the additional advantage of being able to read it in their own Bibles. Why did the one act up to it, and the other not?

Now it is quite true that the Protestants of Geneva are a very long way indeed from the Church of England, but I had had a little experience in parish matters too, and could not help recollecting, that the practice among the uneducated classes of my parishioners was very much more like that of the Protestants of Geneva, than it was like that of the Roman Catholics; there was the very same difficulty in getting them to church, and the very same difficulty in getting them to act as if they believed the Holy Communion to be a means of grace.

Another Sunday came; and as we went to church, the whole road to Geneva was blocked up by men, women, and children,

and horses, and carriages. The whole town was turned out of doors, and every one was marching on foot or on horseback to a place about four miles off, from which a continual peppering of musketry was heard all the day long; while a placard on the gates of the deserted city told me that the State, out of its fatherly considerateness for its children, and its unwillingness to interfere with their work, had selected that and the three next Sundays, for light infantry drill and practice with ball cartridge for all its male population between the ages of fifteen and forty; and, as a necessary consequence, for a holiday for all its female population between those ages. After service at the English church—the Genevan were of course shut up—I strolled out into the next country. Geneva is not a very large State, and I had not to go very far.

Half an hour brought me to the boundaries of Savoy, and to a pretty little town belonging to that kingdom. There were the churches, two or three of them, and all full. I must say that as evening closed in there was a good deal more fiddling and dancing than my English feelings exactly approved of; but still, every man of all those dancers, and every woman too, had been to church at least twice that day,—which was more than could be said for the light infantry gentlemen and ladies on the other side.

Again my thoughts went back to England. I am happy to say that I could not find a parallel for the drilling and the State desecration of the LORD'S day; but I had seen Gravesend steamers and Sunday excursion trains, and I am afraid that the worship of GOD had very little to do with either of them.

Here, again, was a subject for thought; it was a matter in which there could be no doubt; there could be no doubt that the LORD'S day was a day of worship, or that the Protestant had been taught that it was, at least as much as the Roman Catholic. Why did the one regard it and the other disregard it?

There are many other points that I mean, as I go on, to illustrate in the same manner, showing you from facts which came under my own observation, where real undeniable Christian duties are taught and practised by other Churches, which either are not taught in our Church at all, or are taught so imperfectly as to fail in taking hold of the hearts of our people, and leading to any practical results. I show you the facts as they struck me, and give you the inferences I drew from them. But lest you should set me down in the number of those factious and unfaithful men, whose sole pleasure seems to be to depreciate their own Church by magnifying that of Rome, I will tell you now a conclusion that

I did arrive at at last, though as you will see from the nature of it it was not till after a good deal of subsequent observation and experience.

You will observe that in speaking of the devoutness so remarkable in the Church of Rome, my instances have been drawn from the lower and uneducated classes. As we go on, you will observe that almost all my instances will be drawn from the same classes. In fact, with the sole exception of Belgium, in every Roman Catholic country with which I am acquainted, the religious are the uneducated or the imperfectly educated. Of course you will understand that I am speaking of classes. It would be absurd to say that there is no such thing as a well educated and religious Roman Catholic layman. I have no doubt that there are many: but for all that, what I say is true generally—devout as the lower classes are, among their intellectual superiors there are comparatively few who comply with the ordinances of their Church. There are many who do not go to Church at all; many who speak openly against it and ridicule it, while not a few are absolute Atheists and Infidels. It may be another reason why I am not particularly ambitious of the name of Protestant, that these last are in the habit of calling themselves Prodestanti. I must say I am a little suspicious of a Protestant Alliance, which if I belonged to it, would make it necessary for me to fraternize with such people as these.

Now let us, as before, compare this state of things with what we see in the Church of England. I will venture to say, as far as can be judged by outward actions, that this assertion will be found true; the most religious men among us are the best educated; and as generally speaking the best educated are the upper classes, the upper classes of England are, at all events outwardly, (which is all we can judge from) more religious than the lower. How many of our poorer parishioners are non-communicants! While among the upper classes the non-communicant is the exception. The same holds good about going to Church; the same with regard to the outward respect shown to the LORD's day; the same in numerous other particulars. So that it would appear, as a general rule, that the strength of religion in the Church of England lies in the upper or educated classes; in that of Rome in the lower or uneducated.

Now, I would ask you, what inference would you yourselves draw from this difference between the two Churches. I would have you consider why, under the one, religion and education for the most part go together; why in the other, irreligion and edu-

cation. And when you come to the poorer and uneducated classes, why is this exactly reversed? There is a reason for this. There is a reason for every thing, if we could only find it out.

I will tell you what conclusion I myself arrived at from these observations, and I will leave you to judge for yourselves how near it comes to the truth. I should say this;—the more the doctrines of the English Church are examined by the light of learning and reading, the more they are tested by history, and sifted by reasoning and comparison, the more strongly they are impressed on the heart—the doctrines are pure and true, therefore they stand the test, therefore those who are best able to subject them to the test (that is to say the most educated) are also the most religious.

Whereas on the other hand, the more the distinctive doctrines of the Church of Rome, that is to say those doctrines in which she differs from the English Church, are proved by history and brought into light by learning, the more mixed and vitiated do they appear. So that the educated, by whom alone they can be subjected to these tests, in despair of separating the false from the true, reject both, and thus become secret or open infidels.

I think this is clear enough; but then, on the other hand, why are the poor and ignorant more religious and more devout in the Church of Rome, where the doctrines have been corrupted, than they are in the Church of England, where they have not been corrupted? This seems a paradox.—Because the Romish Church, with all its corrupted and interpolated doctrines, has a far better system of teaching them. Because the Church of Rome speaks to the comprehension of the poor, and we speak above it. The poor are taught by what they see, rather than by what they hear; for this very reason, that their senses are as keen as ours, but their understandings are not. This is where the Roman Catholics get the advantage over us. They act openly, as if they believed their religion, and were very proud of their religion; we act as if we did not believe ours, or were ashamed of it; they display theirs and put it before them; we conceal ours and put it behind us. For years and years had we possessed an empire in India, before the inhabitants found out that we had any religion at all; while the way in which the Spaniards colonised California, was by building churches, and drawing the Indians round them.

The real fact of the matter is, that we are *selfish* in our religion; that is to say, we consider ourselves alone, and how such and such things strike US, and never reflect how they may appear to other people. We say that WE are able to understand religion without

its accessories; therefore it shall have none; WE can abstract our thoughts and pray in a barn as well as in an ornamented Church; therefore an ornamented Church is unnecessary; WE can pray without opening our lips in the public service; therefore we will not open our lips; WE do not want sacred music to rivet our attention or warm our feelings, therefore there shall be no sacred music; WE can understand all the doctrines of our religion without appointing stated times for teaching them; therefore we will esteem one day as another, Lent and Easter, Advent and Christmastide, Holy Days, and Ferial Days, shall be all the same to us; WE understand all about the Incarnation, and Atonement, and Penitence, and Judgment to come, without that nonsense: and that which will do for us educated people, is quite enough *for* the poor. This is the way in which we act; we forget that as the child is taught by the picture book, so the uneducated man is taught by the eye and the ear, rather than by the reasoning faculties; we have fancied that we ourselves are able to do without these helps, and therefore we have insisted that he should *do* without them too; till we find that with the fast of Lent he has lost all idea of true repentance, with the season of Advent all just notion of a judgment to come, that in forgetting CHRIST'S holy days, he has forgotten the doctrines of the Christian religion, and that, together with those of the Apostles, he has put aside *the* duties the Apostles taught. So proud are we of our reasoning faculties, that we despise that old wise punning maxim, that majesty when stripped of its externals is a jest; we have stripped the majesty of religion of its externals, and call this protestant simplicity; what wonder if the illiterate man is unable to appreciate it? The Bishop of London was once rash enough to call these things histrionic; if histrionic means suiting the outward behaviour and act to the idea and inward feeling we wish to convey, decorating our churches to show our sense of veneration for Him Whose houses they are, and kneeling and bending before Him to Whom we would show our veneration, I say we must be histrionic, or we must be content that all those who are taught through the eye and ear, that is to say, nine-tenths of all our people, should be unable to profit by our teaching. If you want to show an unlettered man, and still more a child, how to be devout, you must not be content with feeling devout yourself; you must *act* as if you were so, or he will not believe what you say. The parson who shuts up his morocco-bound quarto bible, gets up from his easy chair which has cost him fourteen or fifteen pounds,

leaves his study, every corner of which is decorated with expensive pictures and ornaments, gets into his carriage furnished with every comfort, and goes into a church streaming with green damp, and officiates from a reading-desk not quite so expensive as his own kitchen dresser, or from an altar, whose cloth he would be ashamed to see on his own hall table, really may, all this time, put GOD before all things; far be it from me to doubt him; but the poor man will; he is taught by the eye rather than the reasoning faculties; he goes by what he sees; and certainly what he does see, does not show him that the parson puts GOD before himself, or the blessings of the next world before the comforts of this. And what I say of the parson, I say of the squire also: the extreme luxuriousness of our houses, contrasted with the slovenly neglect of our churches, is not productive of religious feelings; nor is the cold, slovenly performance of our public worship, productive of religious feelings; nor is the infrequency of our services productive of religious feelings; men learn to feel from what they see. That saying of the Bishop of London's, heedless as it was, and repented, as I have no doubt it has been, I feel convinced has been the loss of many a soul.

These are the sort of things that make the Roman Catholic poor Churchman more devout than the English poor Churchman. Our SAVIOUR says that the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light; and so it is with the Church of Rome; they who have chosen their distinctive doctrines like fools, follow them up like wise men; we who have chosen ours like wise men, follow them up like fools.

Neither have we much to boast ourselves about our superior religion; the doctrines of our Church are superior, but we are not superior; at all events, we are deficient in this: we have been neglecting the spiritual wants of CHRIST'S poor; as the Apostle would say, we have been attempting to feed them with strong meats, which they are unable to take in, and denying them the only nutriment which in their weak state they are capable of profiting by.

This is why I became a Tractarian. I felt convinced that the Church was losing her position and her hold upon the minds of her poor, by neglecting to teach within their comprehension. I resolved to do so myself, and I joined myself cordially to those persons who I saw were doing so. It is not that I attach an undue weight to form and ceremonial, but that I believe form and ceremonial the only method of conveying doctrine to the unedu-

cated. As for this being the mode of teaching in use among the Roman Catholics, that is nothing to me; if such teaching will cause even their doctrine to be received, what will it not do to ours? I am not above being taught by an adversary. I may reject Romish practices because they are wrong, and if I find them wrong, or if I find them contrary to those of my own Church, but I do not reject practices merely because they are Romish; the man who will not fast on Friday for no better reason than because the Roman Catholics fast, must upon the same principle refuse to eat his dinner on Sunday when the Roman Catholics feast; or, like the Scotch, quarrel with his bread and butter, and refuse to eat mince-pies at Christmas, because the Roman Catholics eat them then.

This is my position, and now I mean to illustrate it by examples which have come before my eyes. In these I mean to show you the poor Roman Catholics exercising what you must admit to be Christian graces, but to which, Christian graces as they are, you can produce no parallel in protestant England. And mind you, how many soever examples I may show you, this by no means proves the superiority of the Romish doctrines; it only proves that those people have a better and more practical way of teaching those things which we hold as well as they.

We, for instance, as well as Rome, would teach our people the Christian privilege of making our wants known to GOD by prayer in His house, and the duty of expressing our gratitude to Him for temporal blessings. Show me if you can, a Protestant parallel to this anecdote, to the truth of which I can vouch.

One day, as I was about leaving Heidelberg by the early train, I went to see a church that I had omitted to look over the day before; it was as early as six in the morning, yet, early as it was, the congregation was just dispersing, and I had no difficulty in finding the sacristan, who showed me over it. As we were passing and repassing, examining the windows and other peculiarities of the architecture, I was struck with the singular appearance of a woman, evidently of the lower orders, who was kneeling near one of the pillars with a number of children, also kneeling, behind her; much such a group as we sometimes see carved in stone on some of our ancient tombs.

"What was that woman doing there?" I asked him.

He answered just as if it was a matter of ordinary occurrence, "Some woman, I suppose, who has something to ask of GOD."

I have seen many such things, since, but they were strange to me then, and I could hardly take my eyes off the motionless

figures; at last I sent the sexton to find out all about her. He came back shortly afterwards, and told me that it was the wife of a mason, who had been hurt by a fall two or three days before, that the family was quite destitute, and that they had come to ask help of GOD. Now observe, this was no mendicant trick, for it was six o'clock in the morning, and visitors could hardly be expected at that time. Without interrupting her devotions, I laid down some trifle by the base of the pillar: upon which, without thanking me, except by a sort of inclination of the head, she went up to the high altar, followed by her children, to return thanks to GOD. Now all this might be very ignorant religion, but it was true religion as far as it went; and, what is more, sincere faith. She trusted that GOD would supply what she wanted; she knew what He had said of His house being the place of prayer, and she came to that house in faith to ask Him: and when she got what she wanted, she evidently believed that her prayer had been heard, and therefore did not thank me, whom she considered merely the instrument, but the GOD Who had sent me. Now a Protestant would say, could she not pray just as well at home? Very true, so she could; the question is, would she? practically a Protestant under such circumstances, would have asked *me*, and thanked *me*, and very likely would have forgotten GOD altogether. That is the sort of thing I, as a parish priest, am more accustomed to.

Take another case. We all believe in the eighth commandment. My next shall be an instance of that.

I had come down on foot from the high Alps, and was passing through the little city of Aosta, the cathedral of which is well worth seeing; but I had my knapsack on my back, and my Alpenstock in my hand, and was not altogether the figure for the inside of a church.

"What shall I do with these things?" said I to my guide.

"Put them down here on the church steps," said he.

Now these church steps projected into the market-place, which at that time was full of all sorts of rough looking people. I laughed and said, "I had much rather not put such a temptation in the way of Italian honesty."

"Well," said my guide, "there is no doubt but that the people of Aosta are the greatest rogues unhung" (he belonged himself to another valley, and, like all members of little communities, was narrow-minded enough to hate his neighbours cordially). "Your excellency is perfectly right; they are the greatest rogues unhung. But not so bad either as to *steal from* GOD."

I put down my knapsack and Alpenstock on those steps, and on those steps after the lapse of two hours, I found them, and along with them some eight or ten baskets of fruit and vegetables which the market people had deposited there while they went to say their prayers, all of which, though looking very tempting, though perfectly unguarded, except by the unseen presence of GOD, were as safe as if they had been under lock and key. You will say, perhaps, if these people had been thorough Christians, they would not have broken the eighth commandment anywhere, they would not have confined their honesty to the church. Very true; they were not thorough Christians. They were very imperfectly taught Christians, but, as far as they were taught, they were taught practically, and they showed by their conduct that they believed what they had been taught, and, so far, were better than their Protestant fellow Christians of England; for though a basket of fruit would not be safer if left in the middle of any street in Brighton than it would in Aosta, yet I am afraid there is not a church in Brighton whose sanctity would afford it protection either.

Would you know how these things are taught, so as to have their influence on the rudest and most depraved minds? The answer is easy—by teaching practically. You want to teach the reverence due to GOD'S house and the abhorrence of GOD to a certain crime; act as you would act if GOD were present, treat as you would treat in that Presence the crime that He abhors. If you think GOD superior to yourself, don't make His house inferior to yours; if you think your Heavenly Sovereign superior to your earthly Sovereign, don't pull off your hat to the latter and forget to bow at the name of the former. These things, and a great many like them, are of little consequence in themselves, but they are of some consequence even to your own religious feelings, philosophical as you may think yourselves; and of immense consequence to those of the poor ignorant man, who, though he cannot reason, can see and can feel as well as you.

We spoke of the eighth commandment just now, let us take our instance next from the sixth. We all, I suppose, maintain equally that suicide is a crime.

Some few years ago, a man, not more eccentric than wicked, got up into the gallery of S. Paul's, and committed suicide by throwing himself down. The blood was wiped up, the body was carried away, the story made a "curious fact" in the next day's newspapers, and there was an end of it.

The very same thing happened in the cathedral of Strasbourg.

ıe cathedral was shut up, the bells were rung backwards, the ace was pronounced desecrated, all service was stopped, till the ishop and clergy of the diocese were collected for a solemn re-nsecration, and then the first service performed was a deprecа-ɔn of God's wrath for the crime committed in His house.

No doubt an educated Romanist and an educated Protestant ke know that suicide is forbidden by God. No doubt the ishop of London and the Archbishop of Strasbourg were equally ıxious that the people should be taught this Christian truth: ıt my question is, which spoke the language most intelligible to e multitude? which of these two proceedings was most likely have effect on the minds of the illiterate?

My next illustration has been already appropriated by my friend r. Gresley; it appears in one of his books, called Colton Green, ıt, as I am myself the travelling Englishman he speaks of, I may well reclaim my own story and tell it you in my own way, and aw my own moral from it. It will be a very appropriate story ıre in Brighton, for indirectly you have something to do with it.

I was travelling, as is my custom, on foot and with my knap-ck on my back, and was entering one of the valleys of the igher Alps of Savoy called the Valorsine. The little village, hich takes its name from the valley, some six weeks before I ıssed that way had been overwhelmed by an avalanche, which ıd destroyed every house in it, and had seriously shaken the ıurch itself, which, though protected by a strong ravelin of asonry from actual contact with the falling ice, had been ex-ɔsed to the wind of it, which, strange as it may seem, is hardly ss destructive. As for the houses, not one of them was standing.

When I came down the valley, the whole people, men, women, ıd even children, were congregated like bees around their church, ıme chipping stones, some carrying lime, some mixing mortar, ıme pulling down the shaken walls, some splitting pine shingles r the roof, some strengthening the sprung beams. Every body as busy about their church, and not one was engaged about any ' the houses.

A sudden shower drove me, as well as the labourers, into the ıurch for shelter, and I got into conversation there with a man ho turned out to be the priest, but not being quite so good a ricklayer as I doubt not he was a theologian, he was then serv-ıg as hodman to his own clerk, or sexton, the mason of the place. ; had so happened, when I was at Geneva a fortnight before, ıat I had been reading in the English papers one of those perio-

dical squabbles about church-rates, in which you Brighton people stand up for the liberty of the subject to the great edification of all Europe, and as I wished to know how these benighted Papists managed such matters, I took the opportunity of asking the reverend hodman how all these people were paid.

"Paid?" said he; "why they all belong to this parish, except the architect the Bishop has sent us, he pays him."

"Yes," said I, "but how do you pay your own people?—I mean," continued I, hesitating and turning over in my mind what was French for church-rates, "how do you raise the money to pay these people their day's wages?"

His reverence laughed. "Why," said he, "you do not pay people for doing their own work. It is their own church that they are building, and they know well enough that they will get no prayers till they have finished it. I'll engage the rogues will not do a stroke of other work till they have done that."

Now, my dear friends, you must see that there is a good deal of difference between the sentiments of a Valorsine vestry and a Brighton one; yet, in good truth, there is not so very great a difference in the fact itself: if working on *their* own parish church was doing *their* own work, and I suppose it was; it is just as undeniably true that working on *your* parish church is doing *your* own work.

Is it not so? Is it not your parish church? Are you not the parishioners? And if it is not your church, just as much as the church of Valorsine was their church, whose church is it?

And yet in good truth I cannot blame you for what you do and say, and put in the papers about it, and for all your agitation about church-rates. It is not very honest to be sure,* but leaving the honesty of the business out of the question, I do really think, both that what you do is quite natural, and also that there is a great deal of truth in what you say; and though I will not exactly take upon myself to affirm that you are honest, yet I do not know who has any business to blame you for not being so.

Beyond a doubt your parish church is yours in law, but what is it in fact? Those Valorsinois could make use of their church when they had built it, and did make use of it every day. Not a day

* Baron Gurney, himself a dissenter, remarks: "I bought my house, or I rented my house, with a charge upon it called a church-rate. I paid less for my house, because there was that charge. I do not like to pay that particular charge, because I am a dissenter, but I do pay it because I do not want to put into my pocket that which does not honestly belong to me."

did those people go to their work till they had said their prayers in that church, with their bricklayer parson to lead them. Not a time did they start on a dangerous expedition after the chamois, or anything else, without first receiving the Holy Communion in that church of theirs. Yes, and many a time too, when the sky looked leaden and lowering, and the wind roared up the valley, and the white snow flakes flitted past the porch, or filled up the little arrow slits of windows, might you see an anxious wife, or a trembling mother, kneeling in some dark corner of that church, who had stolen away from the noise and bustle of her home, and had entered that ever open door to pray for the safe return of the travellers. Why their church was of as much use to them as their sleeping room or their kitchen, and was used as much. When it was thrown down they felt the want of it as much as they did that of their own houses. There was no need of a churchwarden or a vestry to levy a rate, the facts were before their own eyes, and their want was in their own hearts.

Now you go and try to do the same. Go to your own church to say your prayers before you go to work in a morning, and you will find the door locked against you. Go to receive the strengthening grace of the LORD'S Supper before you undertake a dangerous voyage, and you will be told that it is not Communion Sunday. Enter the church: it is Sunday, the doors are open now; enter your own church, and you will see your own property parcelled out into so many private holdings. If you have any doubt about the fact of ownership, take your seat in one of them and see the reception you will meet with. As for your wives and mothers praying for you when the winds rise, and the snow flakes fall, and the seas break upon this dangerous coast, they may pray in the street, but their house of prayer, theirs though it be, is shut against them. Blame you for forgetting that your parish church is your own church?—Not I. How should you remember it? Blame you for forgetting your morning service to Him Who strengthens you for your daily work?—Not I. How can you pay it? Before I blame you for not paying your just dues, I should like to know whether you are to get your money's worth for the money that is asked of you?*

This accounts for the difference between the Romanist and the

* Since this lecture was delivered, I understand the people of Brighton have met and for the first time these eight years have voted a church-rate. This is very right and very honest, but it only makes their case the stronger; they have now done their parts, let them demand that their parsons do theirs.

Establishment man. This is the reason why the one is devout and the other is not devout. That of which a man has been long deprived he forgets the use of. Try it if you like with your body, tie up your right hand, and you will lose the use of it. There is no such great difference between body and soul. You have been stinted in the legitimate use of your Church, till you forget, not only the use of your Church, but the use of those prayers which should have been said in it, and were not.

Now let me tell you that these facts and these comparisons, (and I have plenty more of them for you) did make me think very seriously about the state of our own English Church. They made me a Tractarian. They did not shake my faith in its doctrines; no! not for one moment. I had been far too well grounded in them to have the smallest doubts, and if I had not been so grounded, that other set of facts, of which I told you before, about the condition of the rich and educated of the Romish Church, would have been quite sufficient corroborative evidence; the two sets of facts lay side by side.

But if I did think that the *doctrines* of the English Church required no Reformation, I could not say so much of its practice. If I was in no way dissatisfied with the doctrines themselves at any rate I *was* dissatisfied with the way in which those doctrines were laid before the people. So far as the illiterate were concerned, I could see no such great practical difference between withholding the Scriptures, and withholding the means by which those Scriptures were carried into practical effect in daily life. Nay, that the Romanist had the advantage, he was taught imperfect doctrines, he was taught corrupted doctrines, it might be, but he was taught. The Englishman had pure doctrines put before him, but he was not taught them in any way that he could understand, and so he put them aside altogether. There was the gold, I was satisfied of that, but to all practical purposes it was useless, —more useless than the tinsel by which it was counterfeited.

This is why I was dissatisfied with the English Church: most unjustly too, for I had hardly taken up my Prayer Book to examine into these supposed deficiencies, when I found that, in a great measure the fault did not lie in the English Church but in me; that many of these things the Church had provided for, but that we her ministers had not acted up to her requirements. She had told us all what to do, both clergy and laity, and we had not done it, we had substituted our private judgment for her commands, and because we had done so, had shut our eyes to the fact

that the Church had commanded it; and that the question really was not how far the Prayer Book had departed from the law of CHRIST, but how far we had departed from the law of the Prayer Book.

This is how I came to be a Tractarian. I aimed at reforming the Church, and I began with that part of it which I could reform—myself. I wished to sweep the whole street and I began by sweeping before my own door. No one has a right to say that his Church is defective in any way, till he has himself fulfilled all that she requires him to do: no one can tell what the Church is capable of effecting, while he himself, her sworn servant, is neglecting the means by which she works.

The poor of the Church of Rome are more devout than the poor of the Church of England. Why? Obviously because the church doors are shut against them in England, and stand open night and day in Rome. Obviously, because the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise has ceased in England, and has not ceased in Rome. It is all very well for the rich, but who is to abstract himself either to pray or to meditate on the Scriptures in the crowded rooms in which our poorer brethren live? who is to collect his thoughts among the bustle of household work that is going on around him?

Well, but why blame the Church of England for this? it is not her fault, but the fault of her self-willed minister, who chooses to think for himself against her commands, and when she tells him to open his Church for daily prayer, and to pray in that church every day, presumes to mistake prayer for instruction, and to shut his church, because he is pleased to think that if he opens it there will be no congregation to pray in it. What has he to do with a congregation? it is very well if a congregation comes, but in his Prayer Book there is not one word about a congregation at all; nay, in one case it is expressed in so many words that there may be no congregation, the word used is "privately." This is what the Church says. "All Priests and Deacons,"—all—whether they have a congregation or not, nay, whether they have a church or not, are to say "daily, the morning prayer in the morning, and the evening prayer in the evening, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness or other urgent cause." Here is the command plain enough to understand, easy enough to perform, and requiring no one's consent but their own. But in case that Priest or Deacon has a church, then the Curate, that is to say, he who has the care of the church, "*being at home, and not being otherwise*

reasonably hindered, shall say the same in the parish church, or chapel where he ministereth, and shall cause a bell to be tolled thereunto, a convenient time before he begin, that the people *may* come to hear GOD's Word and to pray with him." There is not a word here about the congregation as a necessary step to saying the prayers; they may come if they please when they hear the bell tolled. If they want to pray or have leisure from their necessary work to be able to pray, or if they want to hear GOD's Word read and have no means of reading it for themselves, they are at liberty to go to the church and to avail themselves of their parson's services, but he is to do it whether they come or not.

Now whose fault is it that the English poor are not devout, but the fault of the self-willed minister, who chooses to transgress the plain letter of his Church's directions? But if the people did not come they would not learn to be more devout; very possibly, people cannot be expected to become devout by word of command, but what has that to do with it? he engages to do it, what business has he to say the people will not come? The Church of England, as well as the Church of Rome, says there shall be daily prayer; the Romish Clergy obey their Church, and their people are devout. The English Clergy disobey their Church, and their people are not devout. Here is cause and effect plain enough. Let the Parsons at all events do their plain duty, and let them trust in GOD that the people will do theirs. How do they know that they will not? they cannot come if the church is shut; no parson on earth has a right to say, Let my congregation do their duty first, and then I will see about my doing mine; he is put there to lead them.

But I say it is a libel on the English people to assert that they are naturally incapable of devoutness, and that it is impossible to teach them reverence for holy places. No doubt it is difficult to do it in the face of National Clubs and Protestant Defence Societies and godless newspapers, and "truly pious" busy bodies; but it is to be done. I appeal to my own churchwardens' accounts and ask whether Tractarianism has not been a considerable saving to the parish in the article of broken church-windows. Why, for the last seven years I have had two painted windows looking upon the road absolutely without protection, positively at the mercy of any boy who likes to throw a stone, and there they are to speak for themselves; for quite as long my church has not only been open night and day, but *has not had so much as a lock upon it;* and so it would be to this very time, had not the Bishop found it out and ordered it to be locked. All the time that church

was open I never missed so much as a hymn-book, and what was there to protect it except its own sanctity? People may be brought to a reverence for holy places, but not when they hear you preach it and see you neglect it. The Romanists cast in our teeth, that with all our boasted purity of doctrine we dare not leave our churches open as they do. It is true,

> "Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
> Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli:"

but whether the fault lies on the English Church or on the teaching of her ministers is a matter which might be questioned.

Now I will show you how we Tractarians manage such things. A well-known clergyman recently appointed to a living in a populous town, found that at six o'clock in the morning it was the custom of the parish to ring one of the church bells for five minutes. He asked what was the meaning of this; no one could tell him, it was beyond the memory of that respectable personage the oldest inhabitant. "Well," said he, "bells do not ring for nothing, and whether you can remember it or not there certainly must have been a service for the benefit of those poor fellows who have to begin their work early in the morning, and there shall be one as long as I am rector of the parish." You have heard of that parish before and of that rector too, the names are very familiar to the public papers; the parish is Frome, the rector is Mr. Bennett, late of S. Barnabas'.*

This is Tractarian practice; let us now see a Protestant Divine under similar circumstances. The Church of England has not a great many better or more faithful parish priests than the late G. H. Langdon, Vicar of Oving; it is unnecessary for me to add that the services appointed by the Church were duly performed in his parish, had they not been so I do not know how I could have called him faithful; but perhaps it will not be superfluous to observe that in this particular case there was the more reason why they should be so performed, because there were a number of almshouses attached to the church, the inmates of which, old and infirm persons, were more likely to have leisure for the week-day services. In the beginning of the present year Mr. Langdon died, but the regular services were very properly and conscientiously maintained by the curate appointed by the churchwardens, until the newly appointed Vicar came to reside, when the pa-

* Since the delivery of this lecture I have discovered that the anecdote of the bell on which the morning service at Frome is founded is not a fact.

rishioners were perplexed by the following contradictory announcement made by the curate at the end of the Nicene Creed. "Saturday next, being the Festival of S. Philip and S. James, is appointed to be kept holy. But there will be no service, the Vicar having directed me to give notice that there will be no more service at this church on any day except Sunday."*

It is hardly necessary to observe that the new Vicar was not a Tractarian. Perhaps he considered Daily Service the badge of a party; that it is so considered the following anecdote may show.

A friend of mine having read my observation in page 17, that "without venturing any opinion about fasting and praying, *at all events* they are better things than drunkenness and debauchery," sent me the following story to show that this assertion, which I really had considered absolutely incontrovertible, was by no means taken as such by a living Bishop; I may add that I have myself made inquiries respecting the facts and believe them to be substantially true.

The Bishop of . . . . had some time since a district incumbency to give away within the sphere of the South Church Union. He came to the conclusion that Mr. A., a hard-working, zealous clergyman, would make a very good incumbent. Mr. A. was summoned, came, heard of his lordship's intentions, and in the fulness of his heart began to talk about what he should do when put in charge of his cure. "In the Daily Service, my lord," he he said, "I shall—" "The *what*, sir?" interrupted the Bishop. "I was merely observing," said Mr. A., "that when I have established the Daily Service——" "I am sorry to tell you," broke in the Bishop, "that in this case it will be my duty not to present you; Daily Service is a party badge, and as such I must discourage it."

So Mr. A. went home without the living, and Mr. B. was instituted instead. He did not trouble himself with Daily Service, but in place of it he set his parishioners an example of daily intemperance.

No doubt the Bishop considered this wrong, but probably he had not a great many to choose from; at any rate this man was not a Puseyite, only a drunkard; and he most likely thought that

* This matter has been brought before the Bishop by one of the parishioners, and as one of these days was Ascension day, which he is very properly particular about, we shall possibly hear something more about it. [Note to the 4th edition, Feb. 15, 1855—We never did.]

of two evils it was the part of a prudent Bishop to choose the least.*

I once pointed out this matter of the Daily Service to an eminent Evangelical clergyman, and asked him how he read that part of his Prayer Book. What do you think his answer was? "Yes," said he, "that is very true, but you overlooked the clause about being reasonably let or hindered. Now I am let and hindered from Daily Service by going to visit my parishioners, which you must admit is a very proper thing to do; and therefore it may be called a reasonable hindrance. I cannot be in two places at once." What do you think of that for a Protestant Jesuit? these are the people who call *us* unfaithful. What I tell you is a plain fact. Certainly if that man was out visiting his parishioners at eight in the morning, at which time at the latest he ought to have had his morning service; why, all I will say of him is, that he was one of the *Early* Christians.

Now let us take another doctrine held by the Church of Rome, held also by the Church of England, and undeniably a Christian doctrine, I mean the absolute equality of all Christians in the sight of GOD, irrespective of their station in society. In the town of—never mind where it was—where I lived when I was a boy, the parson's house was on the side of the street opposite to the west door of the church, and about that church there lingered still some reminiscences of its ancient daily piety, for though the daily sacrifice itself had ceased, there was a late morning service on Wednesdays and Fridays. This parson certainly was not one of the early Christians, for he seldom got out of his bed before nine or ten o'clock, and many a time has his half-shaven face appeared at his dressing-room window, as the bell rung out for morning service, with "Clerk, clerk, have you any congregation this morning?"

"No, sir, only two or three women in red cloaks."

"O, nonsense; I am not going to do the service for two or three women in red cloaks. Tell them to go away; say there is no congregation."

This is the way in which—not the English Church, but certainly one of her ministers, taught that there is no respect

* Note to the 4th edition.—This story was too monstrous to be believed, and I hesitated to put it in. I have, however, since ascertained its absolute truth by personal inquiry; and also that a church, in my own neighbourhood, is unconsecrated, and has remained so for some years, because the same Bishop considers the weekly offertory a party badge.

of persons before GOD. I do not say the English Church is guiltless in this, any more than I say that Eli was guiltless in the matter of Hophni and Phinehas, but I do say that she wants a different sort of Reformation from what is commonly supposed. She wants a proper authority over her Priests.

I do not mean to tell you that that is the way in which the English Clergy in general teach that doctrine, though I might possibly have given you another instance or two, if I pleased; but I do mean to say that that is the way in which almost all the laity teach it. Go into any one of your town churches, except where we Tractarians have been at work, and see where the rich pray, and see where the poor pray, and then write over the chancel-arch of that church, if you dare, this text: "The rich and the poor meet together, and GOD is the Maker of them all." A friend of mine had finished just such a church as I am speaking of. There were the green-baized high-walled seats for those who could pay for them, and there were behind them benches for the poor who could not. Proud was my friend of his handy work, and thoroughly disgusted was he when a wicked Tractarian asked him if he was not going to dedicate his church to S. Dives and S. Lazarus, who are the real patron saints of all proprietary chapels and of a good many parish churches into the bargain.

You have a few such in Brighton; the Bishop of London calls them five per cent. Speculations. I wish you would find out for me what their parsons do when in the usual course of evening lessons they come to the second chapter of S. James—do they read it, or are they in the habit of exchanging it, like Mr. Stowell,* for "more edifying lessons"? These are S. James' words, and very awkward words they are, in their natural sense at least. "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring and goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect unto him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial in yourselves, and become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not GOD chosen the poor of this world?—but ye have despised the poor. . . . . If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors."

* Mr. Stowell, I understand, has denied this in a letter to Mr. Herford. I can only say, that I have a letter in his hand-writing admitting it, and justifying it into the bargain.

We were talking some time ago about a bracketed Bible. Uncommonly convenient would the bracketed Bible be here. In fact I do not know what place these verses are fit for, except a Tractarian church with open seats.

This doctrine of the absolute equality of all baptized Christians, rich and poor, in the sight of GOD, is one of those true doctrines which the Church of England holds in common with the Church of Rome. I have shown you how the Church of England teaches it in practice. Now I will show you how the Church of Rome teaches it.

Some years ago one of my parishioners was attending High Mass on some solemn occasion at Brussels. What business she had there is more than I can tell you: it was not with my consent or approbation. Much as I have travelled in Popish countries, I never went to High Mass or Mass of any sort in my life. However, business or no business, there she was, and, to her unbounded astonishment, the person who knelt alongside of her was the Queen of the Belgians. This is talking in language which poor people and ignorant people can understand. You may depend upon it that doctrine of the Christian religion, the equality of Christians before GOD, is better understood in Brussels than it is in Brighton. And in all countries there will always be a great many people who cannot make out the difference between "dulia" and "latria," but who for all that understand very well when a Church says one thing and does another.

Now do not let any one say that I am crying up the Church of Rome at the expense of the Church of England. I am not saying one word about the doctrines of Rome. I am speaking of her way of teaching all doctrines—the true doctrines of CHRIST'S Church, such as I have been speaking of, as well as those which she has corrupted. What I say is that she understands the art of teaching the poor better than we do. People may call this priestcraft—very likely it is, but priestcraft was a very good word once, like Knave or Jesuit, or Protestant—but, like them, it has lost its character by keeping bad company. What the word really means is, the science or knowledge requisite to fit a priest for the proper discharge of his office. Now if this science be applied to teaching corrupt doctrines (and I am sure I am not going to say that it has not been so applied in Rome,) then the end desecrates the means, and the word becomes a term of reproach; but if the Priest's science or knowledge of his business be applied exclusively to teaching the true

doctrines of CHRIST's Church, and it must be so applied in the Church of England, because those are true doctrines which that Church teaches, then I say that it is the want of priestcraft that is the cause of all our troubles and all our shortcomings. The fact is that so many of our Church's ministers, deacons, and priests, and pre-eminently bishops, are appointed to their several offices without any sort of training; that in nine cases out of ten they commence under a total ignorance of every duty belonging to them. An Irish curate that I had once, by an apt bull described the state of the English Church far better than I could do it. "The misfortune is," said he, "that in the Church itself, as well as in its ministers, *all our preparations are made afterwards.*" That is the point: when the Church of Rome has an office to fill she takes care to have a man to fill it.

If we imagine that our Church gains ground or even holds her own under such a system of discipline as this, we are grievously mistaken; we cannot mark her advance or recession any more than we can mark the advancing or receding of the tide, but if we take any fixed object we shall soon see whether the tide *has* advanced or receded. On the evening before the battle of Blenheim every regiment was paraded for divine service, for every regiment had then its chaplain to perform it, and afterwards Marlborough assembled all the officers who could be spared from duty to receive the Holy Communion with their general, as men who were about to die. This took place about fifteen years before the suppression of Convocation.

Just one hundred and ten years after this, and about a hundred years after the suppression of Convocation, one of Lord Hill's staff was regretting the prevalence of Methodism in the division. "Poor fellows!" said the general. "Poor fellows! Well, I am very glad of it; it is the only chance of religion they have." And it was true; there was not a chaplain in the division: it is true still; half a dozen chaplains represent the whole of the English Church in our army now. If there is any religion in the 100,000 men who compose it, this may be owing to Methodism, or to the voluntary principle, or to chance, or to Providence—not to the English Church. And this is but one example out of many. What is the use of the pure doctrines of the English Church if there are hundreds of thousands within her pale to whom they never come home? Rome does not act thus.

Now, mind you, do not say that I can find no good in the Church of England, and that all my comparisons are to her disad-

vantage. I say there is good in the Church of England, but the Church of England has no fair play. I am now comparing the Church of England with herself: the Church of England free, with the Church of England in captivity to the State. I am not going to pre-reformation times in speaking of Marlborough, or even to pre-revolution times. I am merely comparing the Church now, with the Church before those days in which Convocation was suppressed. What right has the Marquis of Blandford to speak of the inefficiency of the Church or any part of the Church? We are but what he, and such as he, our State legislators have made us. Why does he call our Cathedral establishments useless? They are—but is it our fault that a rich London rector is made more inefficient by having a rich Bristol canonry heaped upon him? Let him learn his lesson from the days of his great ancestor.

Who ever thinks of a religious soldier? *Now* the epithet seems incongruous, inapplicable,—and perhaps it is. How, indeed, could things be otherwise? What provision do you suppose is made by this most Christian Government for the souls of all the hundred thousand men who fight its battles? A guinea a week is assigned to any poor curate picked up anywhere near their barracks to preach one sermon a Sunday to men whom he has never seen before, and will never see again after their twelvemonth is out. If soldiers are without religion, whose fault is that when they have no one to teach them? If they have no one to teach them, whose fault is that, when the regimental chaplains had become so dissolute, idle, and worthless, that their suppression was a positive gain to the army? If regimental chaplains had become dissolute, idle, and worthless, if they had no one to look after them, whose fault was that, when Government had suppressed the Church's parliament, and had undertaken to legislate for her themselves?

Now I do not mean to tell you that Convocation did actually rule and govern the army chaplains, and that when Convocation was suppressed they immediately went wrong. What I do mean to say is, that at that time there still existed the remains of Church discipline, of which Convocation, very much impaired, no doubt, but not yet extinct, was the main-spring; that fifteen years afterwards that main-spring was removed, and that from that time the bands of all discipline began to be relaxed: that the whole Church suffered by it, but that those portions of the Church which were less under the control of public opinion became so bad as to be worse than useless.

I have described the religious state of the army now, but let the

Marquis of Blandford look to the state of things in the army before that suppression had taken place; let him look at the pages of Archdeacon Coxe. The Archdeacon knew very well what he wrote about, for he had himself served in those armies that he speaks of: his lordship will find there not only "that Marlborough discouraged all intemperance and licentiousness in his soldiers, and constantly laboured to impress them with a sense of moral duty and Supreme Superintendence," but he will find also how he did it; he will see that divine service was regularly performed in all his camps, both morning and evening; (who can imagine soldiers at daily morning and evening service now?) that previous to a battle prayers were read at the head of every regiment, and that the first act after a victory was a solemn thanksgiving. "By these means," says the Archdeacon, "his camp resembled a quiet, well-governed city; cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers; a drunkard was an object of scorn; and even the soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, tractable, civil, sensible, and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar."

I am very glad to have it in my power to make such a comparison as this, when I have been drawing so many comparisons between the Churches of Rome and England, to the disadvantage of the latter; because it throws a very strong probability over my assertion, that *wherever* such disadvantage and inferiority exists, it is not that the Church of Rome is in any way superior to the Church of England, but that in all these matters the Church of Rome has had fair play, and the Church of England has not.

You talk about the frightful increase of Romanism all over the country, and turn up your Protestant eyes and hands at the Romish Bishops and Romish cathedrals, and Romish doctrines, and Romish converts. Whenever the Record can detect a stray sheep slinking over to Rome, it catches him up, and parades him in its columns all over England in a sort of triumph, just as the Chinamen do their prisoners in their wooden cages. It would seem as if these people imagined it a very creditable thing to the Church of England, that all her children were leaving her and going to Rome,—a something to be made the most of—a something to be proud of.

Do you not see that all this cuts two ways? Do you not see that if it were true—which it is not—that such a great quantity of converts are flocking to Rome, it would be incumbent upon you to show *why* they went to Rome, because the primâ facie evidence

would be against the Church of England? When the people of Ireland by shipfuls go to America, and nobody comes from America to Ireland, the primâ facie appearance is, that America is a better country to settle in than Ireland. And so any one would think, until you took the trouble of finding out and explaining some rational cause for this continual emigration, besides the comparative eligibility of the two countries.

And pray, why is not this just as true with respect to religion? If what the Record says were true; if hundreds of people of all classes were leaving you and going to Rome, what is the inference? If you cannot show some other cause, it must be that the Church of Rome is better than the Church of England.

You ought to be very much obliged to me; you ought to consider it a great confirmation of your faith, a great service that I am doing to the Church, when I point out to you that there is a sufficient cause—when I show you that, be the secession much or little, the doctrines of the Church may have nothing whatever to do with it; that it may be traced, and fairly traced, to the teaching, the system, the discipline, and the science of the two Churches, and to the skill and experience and faithfulness of their respective ministers, and to the domination of their respective governments. One of these two solutions you must take, if you acknowledge the fact at all. To what other cause can you trace it?

"To you Tractarians," some bold Protestant will say. Well, for argument's sake be it so. And what draws us Tractarians? If we lead our flocks to Rome, what leads us? You have still got the same difficulty: and you have another difficulty into the bargain,—that it is not the fact; our flocks do not go to Rome. I will show you presently, and from facts which you will not deny, whose flocks do go to Rome, and what it is that leads them, or drives them: it is not our teaching.

I have been called the Pope of Westbourne for as long as I can remember. The Hampshire Telegraph every now and then is kind enough to turn its attention to me, and once made me a personage of such consequence as to devote to my especial benefit two whole columns of abuse, for six or eight weeks on end, when it did not give the protectionists above half a one. Why, during the Popish Aggression riots, which those religious and Christian people the National Club got up in most of our parishes last year, one witty scoundrel numbered my house No. 666, which I dare say you will remember is the number of the Beast in the Revelation. And here have I been going on for these ten or

twelve years, teaching those very same pestilent doctrines, preaching them, not on Sundays only, but on week-days too, chanting psalms, intoning prayers every day of my life. And how many do you suppose these Romanizing practices have led to Rome? Not a man; not a boy; not a baby; and I am not such a very unpopular character either. Surely these doctrines and practices cannot be so very dangerous.

But you have only my word for it, and Westbourne is a long way off. Well, verify it for yourselves. If Westbourne is a long way off, Shoreham is within a walk. You all know the parson there: the Brighton papers have served him pretty much as the Portsmouth have served me; and, to the best of my belief, he deserves it quite as much. Now how many Papists have you got at Shoreham?

And here, in Brighton itself, where you have got a very large and very handsome church, after the most approved Tractarian pattern, well supplied, too, with Tractarian Clergy, after the most approved pattern also,—little collars, and long coat tails, "and eight or ten choristers, dear little souls," not exactly in "stoles," as Ingoldsby said, when he was in want of a rhyme, and did not know precisely what stoles meant, but in garments which men call white round frocks, but the gods "white albs plain," and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious Tractarianism—where there is a great big town, too, in which one might suppose there were people enough to afford converts to any thing whatever. Even here, you are so hard run for the article that the Brighton Herald is obliged to manufacture converts to order, and to make an April fool of the Record. We make converts to Rome! No, no, Rome knows better than that.

Yes, Rome knows much better than that; and if she knew it from no other grounds, I will tell you what could not fail to show it her. You know that several of our Clergy have left us, and have joined that Church. Rome, no doubt, rejoiced thereat, and made the most of it, and suffered the Protestant Defence and the National Club that were blindly fighting their battles, to make the most of it too; but they had wisdom enough to conceal that which to them was a matter of bitterest disappointment, though these zealous Protestants overlooked it. *How many of their flocks did these seceding Clergy take with them?* Here and there one, and that was all: yet these were men who had laboured among their people without ceasing; these were men beloved by them to a degree you cannot conceive. The Romish Church is directed by

many men who are in the habit of tracing effect up to its cause. They could not help seeing from this, if they found it out in no other way, that these converts had not joined them because they preferred the doctrines of the Romish Church, but because there was some one particular subject in the English Church which they could not reconcile to their consciences, and which forced them to leave it. Even when they left the English Church, they preferred its doctrines; up to the very time of their quitting it, they taught those doctrines faithfully. Therefore it is that, when they do leave it—and this they do on some intellectual or historical point, which their flocks are not able to understand—they go alone: for their flocks, well trained by their full and faithful exposition of the doctrines of their own Church, have become more attached to it than ever; and, instead of following their teacher, stand aghast in wonderment that any thing could have induced him to leave a Church, which he had taught them to love so well.

Do you suppose the Romish prelates are ignorant of this? They know well enough that such a man as Archdeacon Manning, who could if he pleased have turned half the diocese round his finger,—who had more personal friends, more attached dependants, more people who looked up to him for guidance and direction, more who would have followed him in implicit faith,—than any man in England, would never have joined them alone, had it been the *doctrines* of the English Church that he was dissatisfied about. He went to Rome, and his curate went to Rome; and the parish in which they had been ministering faithfully and unweariedly for so many years, has not furnished Rome with a single convert. Why? One little anecdote will explain it all. As soon as he declared that his conscience forced him to leave us, which he did upon the conviction that the supremacy claimed by the crown of England was incompatible with the law of CHRIST, one of his most attached parishioners asked his advice about leaving also. "No," he said, "you cannot understand the point upon which I find it impossible to remain in the Church of England. *You* can remain in it with a safe conscience. Remain."

It is not among the parishes of such men as these that Rome finds, or expects to find her converts; still less does she expect them from those who, though they fully coincide with them even in their protest against the usurpations of the State, the matter of Episcopal appointments, and appeal on doctrinal points, do yet, to use Dr. Pusey's words, "conceive it their duty to abide in the ship, in the firm faith that Almighty GOD is conducting her, and that our LORD is in her."

I will show you where Rome seeks her converts, and I will show it you from a statement which was not drawn up by Tractarians.

No one, I suppose, will suspect the Clergy of Hastings and S. Leonard's of Tractarianism. I think it must be well known to most of you, that there are few places in this diocese so blessed with a thoroughly Protestant Clergy; few places where sound Protestant doctrine is more faithfully preached. One of these sent me a pamphlet some time ago, which, if it did not convert me, as no doubt it was intended to do, certainly did electrify me, to think that a man could write it, and then go to Church and read the services of his Prayer Book. At or about the same time was sent me a letter, part of which I am going to read you; and none of you will suspect it of being a Tractarian production.

"The parish of S. Mary Magdalen, near Hastings, was literally without any population, until the town of S. Leonard's-on-Sea (commenced in 1828,) was built; which town now contains considerably over 3000 inhabitants, of whom upwards of 2000 depend for subsistence on the casual employment of residents and visitors. The only place of worship in connection with the Established Church of England for the whole population, is a Proprietary Chapel, called the Chapel of S. Leonard's, built under the provisions of a private Act of Parliament; this Chapel contains sittings for 800 persons, 200 of which are appropriated to the poor; but these sittings being at the extreme end of the Church, under and at the back of the west gallery, are almost useless: the invariable complaint of the poor is, that they cannot hear the Minister." In fact, a regular S. Dives' and S. Lazarus' Church.

"The consequences of this spiritual destitution are, as might be expected, lamentable in the extreme. Large numbers of the poor attend no place of worship whatever, and (it is to be feared) are acquiring habits of utter disregard to all religion. Many, though not Dissenters from education or feeling, attend a chapel belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists, and are thus lost to the communion of the Church.

"But not only is the Church accommodation for the locality in question thus utterly inadequate to the wants of the existing population, but it is likely within a very short time to become much more so: new houses are in course of erection, the town is extending on all sides, but no extension of Church accommodation has yet taken place.

"Moreover, in the very centre of the district thus spiritually

destitute, there has been erected within the last few years a Roman Catholic Establishment, in connection with the order of Jesuits, whose avowed object is that of proselytism and *aggression* on the reformed Church of England. Its members are most active among the poor, inducing them to attend the services in their chapel, exhorting them to send their children to the schools which they have opened for gratuitous education, and in every way influencing them to join the Romish communion. They have lately commenced the erection of a magnificent church; have built large schoolrooms; and, in fine, the whole establishment is avowedly the centre of an extended sphere of proselytizing operations, embracing not only this immediate neighbourhood, but a considerable part of the south coast of England."

In order adequately to estimate the effect of this centre of proselytizing operations, let us put ourselves into the place of one of these neglected representatives of a neglected SAVIOUR, and look at the whole transaction from the point of view in which he would see it.

Within the short space of twenty years, a town has risen into life; he sees streets, shops, hotels, libraries, markets; all the signs of life and prosperity springing up around him; three thousand people are congregated together, whose business is pleasure, and among these, he, with two thousand others, is called upon to minister to its votaries. There is no want of wealth; its signs are everywhere evident; well appointed equipages are seen on its parades; its shops rival those of the metropolis; its houses are palaces; temples of Belial, the god of pleasure; temples of Mammon, the god of gain; but where is the house of GOD? where is the provision for CHRIST'S poor? A Proprietary Chapel is built, which is said to contain sittings for 800 persons, and of these nominally 200 are appropriated to the 2000 poor; but they are situated "under and at the back of the west gallery, in a place where they are almost useless," where these, the most ignorant members of the flock, those whose worship has most need of instruction, are altogether unable to hear the minister. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me."

In the midst of this spiritual destitution springs up a "magnificent church," which I will venture to say is not only magnificent, as GOD'S palace ought to be, but has not a single private pew in it to shut out the poor man, and has daily prayers for his daily sanctification; "large schoolrooms" grow around it; these are opened

for "gratuitous education;" while among those who, *having* hitherto "possessed no place of worship whatever, had been acquiring habits of utter disregard to all religion" active members are circulating, "inducing them to attend the services in their chapel," and "exhorting them to send their children to school."

And where do the funds come from, that provide this magnificent establishment, that spread this table in the wilderness of spiritual destitution? Not from S. Leonard's, S. Leonard's is Protestant, and calls it "an aggression upon the reformed Church in England." To all outward appearance, as far as that poor man can see, this is a poor but devoted missionary college; it asks of its Protestant neighbourhood none of its wealth; it sends out no circulars through the diocese; it spares not to take of its own flock and its own herd to dress for the wayfaring man; whatever it appears to possess of this world's goods, are devoted to the service of CHRIST and of His poor.

I do not say that there may not be many ways of accounting for this, and explaining it and qualifying it; I say that this is the aspect Romanism bears to any one of the neglected two thousand of S. Mary Magdalen's. A man such as we have been imagining, is incapable of reasoning, he will have no very nice discrimination in Christian doctrine, but he is perfectly able to appreciate Christian practice, and to understand the meaning of brotherly kindness and charity.

Does not this, in some measure, account for the increase of Romanism in England? The authors of the circular seem to think so, for they say, (though they protest they do it in no spirit of bitterness,) that their chance of success, (that of the Roman Catholics at S. Leonard's,) is greatly enhanced by the practical exclusion of the poor from the services of their own Church, "owing to the total want of church accommodation beforementioned, large numbers having on the Sabbath no place of worship of their own communion to which they can repair, are the more easily induced to attend the services of the Roman Catholic Church, to which they are so eagerly and perseveringly invited during the week."

Does not this give to the appeal of Cardinal Wiseman a sting and a truthfulness which in his own particular case is little deserved, but which comes in appositely enough here, especially when they are told that after appealing to the Bishop, the parson of the parish, the adjoining neighbourhood, and numbers of others, myself among others, to none of whom they had the smallest right to appeal, the liberality of those who have congregated these

two thousand churchless and godless individuals is entirely exhausted? Might not these last with some show of truth borrow their Cardinal's words, and say, "If the wealth of the town be stagnant and not diffusive for spiritual purposes, if it in no way rescue the neighbouring population from the depths in which it is sunk, let there be no jealousy of any one, who, by whatever name, is ready to make the latter his care without interfering with the former?"

Now let me ask you, do you not think it possible that when these people were setting about building their "magnificent church," and their "large schoolrooms," and their establishment of priests and subordinates, which was to be the centre of proselytising operations for the south coast, they looked out for some locality, where they had reason to believe that their seed would strike root? They did not choose Brighton or the neighbourhood of S. Paul's: I daresay if one could only find it out, they had some reason for this. And they did choose the ground which had been tilled by Mr. Vores and Mr. Jenkinson; perhaps they had some reason for that too. I cannot tell, of course, because I am not in their secret, but I should think it not altogether impossible that when they saw the Church's sacraments systematically put aside, the prayer of consecration in Baptism habitually omitted, when they heard that at least one family in that town had entered their communion upon those very grounds, namely, that under such circumstances they could not be sure that their children had rightly received Holy Baptism at all, they might possibly imagine, and the event proves that their ideas were not very incorrect, that a door was opened to them. I will not take it upon myself to say that these things did influence them, but I know this much, that that Church does not set up her establishments at random, and does reckon up the elements of success before she plants them: and this the following anecdote will show.

Some eight or ten years ago, I used to keep a little yacht, in which I visited a good deal of the southern and western coasts of England. I cannot tell you the precise year when I first landed at Penzance, but it was before the building of its second church. This town, which depends much for its prosperity on the success of its fisheries, was then apparently in a flourishing condition, and the villages of Newlyn and Mousehole, which line the western shores of its bay, had grown almost into towns, and bore at that time a clean and thriving appearance. The fruits of industry are not quite so rapid in their growth as those of fashion and caprice,

and therefore the increase of Penzance had not quite kept pace with that of S. Leonard's. Still, however, at the time I speak of it numbered between eight and nine thousand inhabitants; and, as to meet the wants of these, a single church endowed with a stipend of £150 a year was considered sufficient, it is pretty evident that the religious condition of the place would have been very like that of S. Leonard's had it not been for the dissenters. Thanks to their exertions, Penzance was, when I knew it, a very religious place after its fashion,—certainly a very Protestant place,—but for the reason I mentioned, Church doctrines were comparatively unknown.

As the yacht stood in across Mount's Bay our attention had been drawn to a group of buildings on a rising ground just outside the town, about which a number of workmen were employed. The buildings were still unfinished, but had been ably designed, and were at that time sufficiently advanced towards completion to produce a picturesque and churchlike effect. They proved to be the locality of a Roman Catholic colony, similar to that of S. Leonard's, and which, like that, consisted of a church, schools, and houses, for the accommodation of those employed about them. I soon found my way there, and entered into conversation with a man, who dressed like a working man, seemed to be directing the labours of the rest, but who, as he afterwards informed me, was the priest in charge of the mission. This union of offices is by no means uncommon in the Romish Church. Most of their regular clergy are brought up to some trade, architecture as often as any. My Valorsinois priest, you remember, had taken the first step in the noble science—he carried a hod.

My first expression, after speaking of the architectural merits of the buildings, was an expression of surprise to find them at Penzance at all. Where did the funds come from? Who supplied the money?

"When GOD has work for us to do He always finds the means," was the somewhat evasive answer.

Who had sent him? His superior, the Bishop of some impossible place in partibus infidelium, for this was before the days of the Popish Aggression.

"But was there a large Romanist population there?" I had never heard of such a thing, but really the church did look as if it were the centre of a rich and populous neighbourhood: it almost deserved the title of magnificent.

"No," he said, "there was no Roman Catholic population at all

to speak of; here and there a family it might be, but not what could be called a population."

Then what could have brought him there?

His superiors had considered that the people were as sheep no having a shepherd (they did not seem to make much account o our dissenting brethren), and they imagined that the poverty stricken condition of the Church of England in that place ha opened them a door.

You will observe that the door was considered to be opened t them, because the discipline of the Church of England was no carried out; not because there was no religious teaching in th place, for there was, but because that religious teaching was no Church teaching. Perhaps the converse of this proposition wil suggest to you the reason why, when the discipline of the Church of England *is* carried out, the Roman Catholics do not consider the door opened. And then perhaps it may show you who it is that stands in the breach in Brighton, and why it is that you have no magnificent Roman Catholic Church, no large Roman Catholic schools, and no numerous proselytizing Roman Catholic establishments here? The growth of the fungus marks the previous rottenness of the *place*.

In the last two examples I have shown you a probable cause and a subsequent effect. I have not taken upon me to say *consequent*. I leave others to say that; but I will proceed to show you how these things do act on the minds of religious but untaught people. In this instance I am happy to be able to take my example from a Church in communion with our own. It was a grand idea in a church so poor, so desolate as that of Scotland, to attempt to build a cathedral. It was an offering to GOD, like that of the widow's mite; but, like the widow's mite, though precious as an offering of faith, it is poor in worldly wealth. You must not imagine the Dean and Canons of S. Ninian's at all like the richly endowed Dean and Canons of an English Cathedral; but if they are not like them in endowment, neither are they like them in their works. They are none of them rich rectors, with canonries superadded, visiting their Cathedral for three months in the year; they are Canons performing the duties of Canons; one presides over the Mission, one takes charge of the Choral arrangements, one superintends the Schools, and one manages the internal economy of the College. S. Ninian's is what our Cathedrals were once, before their revenues became an object of political or private patronage, and what they must be, and will be, again.

The story I am going to tell you, happened since my visit there last summer, and therefore I will not vouch for the accuracy of all the details; the main facts are as I state them.

For several days the members of S. Ninian's College had observed three or four strange men, very regular at their morning and evening services; who they were nobody knew, but they were evidently countrymen, and not over well dressed; they appeared ignorant, or at least unaccustomed to what they saw, but were very attentive and respectful. One evening the Canons, on entering the choir, remarked that the whole nave was filled with strangers, not one of whom seemed ever to have been at church before; they did not know when to stand, or when to kneel, or when to sit, but they were trying their best, and watching what the regular congregation were doing; while among them, these three or four strangers, who had by this time learnt something of cathedral worship, were seen directing the movements of the rest.

In the evening a deputation waited upon the Dean: "They were people living at a distance, employed, they said, upon some public works (to the best of my recollection they were quarriers;) there were as many as two thousand of them, and as they had no minister, or indeed any form of religion whatever, they had determined to send some of their number to Perth, to see (as they expressed it) what sort of religion was best for them; they had visited, they said, the Presbyterian places of worship, both free and established, and did not much like them: they had visited an Episcopalian Church, of which I, having visited it also, can testify that the service was performed in a very high and dry way indeed, and they did not like that much better; and that now they had visited the Cathedral. They had not, they said, the smallest difficulty in making up their minds about which looked most like the worship of GOD, and now, having brought their friends to confirm their choice, they had on deliberation, determined that a deputation should be sent to the Dean, begging him to send one of his Canons to organize them a Church."

Now recollect, What was it that attracted these men in the first instance? Those very externals of divine worship which so many of our unthinking, selfish religioners call mummery, and which the Bishop of London, chiming in with the popular cry, denounces as histrionic. What was it that confirmed their choice? for these, you will not forget, were hard-headed Scotchmen, the very last men in the whole world to be hurried away by the impression of the moment, or any sudden outbreak of enthusiasm—it was the regular, constant, quiet work of the Canons, their scrupulous ful-

filment of their engagements, the Spiritual authority which attached to them, and the weight which always accompanies a body of men acting together under discipline, the REALITY in short of the whole thing.

I do not know, I cannot say for certain that the reason why the Romish Establishment at S. Leonard's had succeeded, and why that at Penzance hopes to succeed, has anything to do with this; but I think it has; and I think also that unless there is some such corrective as the church of S. Paul's, to show people what the Church of England is capable of, the result will in all cases be the same; whenever the disciplined Church of Rome is brought fairly into contact with the undisciplined Church of England, the latter will invariably lose her hold on the poor and ignorant, and perhaps on some who are neither the one nor the other.

It is evident therefore, that the weakness of the English Church does not lie in her doctrines: these are as sound as ever they were in the purest days of Christianity; nor even in her means of teaching them, when they are taught: clipped and curtailed and maimed as these means are, they are yet sufficient, if rightly carried out by faithful men. She has yet resources enough to withstand dissent on the one hand and Romanism on the other; but they are not so carried out everywhere, therefore she has no discipline. She has no means of restraining her own sons within the bounds of either her doctrine or her practice; her laity may wander into every conceivable form of schism, without check or control, without forfeiting one of their privileges as Churchmen, and her priests may hold any sort of doctrine, under the protection of the Committee of Council.

We want no new powers, no new system, no fresh authority. We would introduce no doctrines that are not already in the Prayer Book, and no practices that are not already in the Church. All we stand up for are the rights of the Church as secured to us by the 14th of Charles II. For these we are Tractarians, or Unionists, or whatever you may please to call us. If we had not first reformed ourselves, if we had not, so far as lay in our power, ruled our own lives and conduct and church practices by those laws which we desire to restore, we might very fairly be twitted with the accusation of binding burthens grievous to be borne and laying them upon others without ourselves touching them with our fingers. But we first show the deficiencies under which the Church is labouring, we prove our sincerity by labouring, singly and unsupported, to make them good, and, having done so, we call

upon the Church to vindicate her own laws, upon the State to give us the same liberty which the dissenter claims as matter of right.

Until we have effected this we do not stand on an equality with Rome. We see that our doctrines do not take the same hold of our people that the doctrines of that Church do upon theirs. We see the reason of it, and we endeavour to remedy it. How have we succeeded? In single instances admirably. Many a wanderer have we replaced in the old paths, where is the good way, where they have found rest for their souls. But as a National Church, no! our efforts hitherto have been single and unsupported, our successes are single and individual also. Quite enough has been done to show the truth of the system, but not enough to give it a general hold on the minds of the people.

And what *is* necessary to give it this hold? The restoration of the Church's deliberative and legislative functions. How can the Church be fairly twitted with the sin of Eli, when she has no power to restrain her children? Our doctrines take no hold on the affections of our people, because we have no common system of teaching, no common principle of action. Why have we not? because we have no Church authority; because we have nothing to which we can appeal for enforcing that authority, or even for asserting it.

Since the suppression of our Synodical action, the Church has been gradually sinking deeper and deeper into lethargy, and wandering wider and wider into irregularity; every one of her parish Priests stands singly, each does that which is right in his own eyes, and therefore each rests on his own unsupported authority.

Not so the Church of Rome. The Romanist may stand alone in the place where he finds himself, but he is still one of a great company, he may be opposed by his whole neighbourhood, but he is sustained by his brethren. He speaks with authority, because the doctrine which he teaches is not his own, but the doctrine of his Church. On her part, that Church supports him in his authority, by casting out all who refuse to listen, while at the very same time she maintains her own authority, by casting him out, if he departs from the teaching which she commands. He has no difficulty in enforcing salutary discipline, because the discipline which he enforces is that of his Church, and she confirms it with her sentence; but at the very same time she effectually prevents him from giving grounds for scandal, in deviating from her recorded ritual, by rejecting him, and withdrawing her protection from him, as soon as he attempts himself to go beyond her rules.

And what do we? connected with each other by name and by position, and by neighbourhood, we are, indeed and in truth, disconnected for want of a central authority; we may see our needs, we may attempt a reformation, but our reformation is a thing of shreds and patches; here and there we may urge a point of stricter discipline, but it is no part of a regular system, its pressure is unequal, it chafes and irritates, but it cannot amend. Here and there a solitary individual will raise his voice against the universal laxity, and labour hopelessly and thanklessly to overcome the effects of his predecessor's sloth or self-will; strive for a time, remain on earth just long enough to prove that CHRIST has not yet cast off His Church, then die and be forgotten; while his spirit, if still sentient of things upon the earth, sees his plans reversed, his systems set at nought, his people sinking again into their former spiritual sloth; and irreverence and irreligion again closing round them.

To fix and consolidate our work we must have united action, our convocation and our synods. We admit that during the dark times of sloth and ignorance through which we have been passing, GOD has dealt mercifully with us in depriving us of what we might easily have misused, and should have misused, but we conceive that we shall best show our fitness for freedom, and obtain the restoration of it from GOD, by carrying out in our own persons, so far as in our power lies, the existing privileges, customs, and practices, of the Church, and by maintaining her rights against all opposition and all unpopularity.

And now let me sum up:—

By showing you how it was that I myself became a Tractarian, that is to say, by showing you how and by what means my attention was directed to the deficiences of the English Church, I have shown you that Tractarianism, or, to speak more intelligibly, Reform, is absolutely necessary.

And in working out my experiences, I think that I have shown you also, that this reform, which we so much need, is not one of doctrine but of discipline; and beyond this, that it is not a legislative reform, but a practical reform that we want, not new laws, but the power of using those we have; that the Church has already all the laws and all the customs necessary for putting her at least on a par with Rome; that if her doctrines are not conveyed to her poorer classes, it is not the fault of her laws but of her supineness. In short, that as far as a captive can be said to have any responsibility, her sin is the sin of Eli, her sons make themselves vile, and she restraineth them not.

But this would seem to cast blame upon our Bishops, who are appointed to govern the Church. Let me not be supposed to allude to our own Bishop, who is rather the exception to my rule than the exemplification of it, or to any particular Bishop, but to the Bishops as a class, when I say that no one can see the irregularities committed in the English Church and persisted in without reproof or correction, and can pronounce her governors blameless.

They plead that they have no power to put the Church's laws into execution. Of course they have no power without their Synod; how should they have power? who ever out of Rome heard of an autocratic Bishop? In the old days, when the maxims "no Bishop, no Church," "without the Bishop do nothing," were in all men's mouths as undeniable axioms, no Bishop thought of governing his diocese by the law that came out of his own mouth. Still less did he rely on acts of parliament to support his authority, still less did he "who had judgment of things pertaining to eternal life, set them to judge who are least esteemed in the Church," or if he did, there was not wanting an Apostle to reprove him. Men now, some openly, but all more or less practically, repudiate the idea of doing all things with the Bishop, for the very evident reason that the Bishop has ceased to do all things with them.

This subject, however, I mean to treat more at large in a subsequent lecture. In the meantime, I would merely observe, that Bishops cannot be greatly surprised that we pay but little attention to opinions, which at the very best, are their own private opinions, and not those of the Church, but which generally are not even their own opinions at all, but faint and uncertain echoes of a popular clamour which is itself both idle and irreligious.

They sit in Moses' seat; all therefore of the laws of the Church that they tell us to observe, that we shall observe and do, but we will neither do after their acts, nor will we profess much respect for the private judgments of men whom we see straining at such gnats as a chanted psalm, a surplice, or a pair of candlesticks, and swallowing such enormous camels as the wilful alteration of the Prayer Book, the deprivation to their Church of six-sevenths of its allotted services, and the exclusion of the poor from the house of their own GOD.

APPENDIX I.

(*To the Editor of the English Churchman.*)

"Sir,—I have received from Mr. Gawthorn the letters which I enclose. As he conceives that I have done him injustice in my observations on him, I should feel much obliged if you would publish that portion of his letter which relates to these matters, and my reply to it. The cause of complaint lies in pages 41, 42, 43, of my 'Lectures on Tractarianism.' (Masters.)

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY NEWLAND.

"Boveysand, Plymouth, July 1."

"Millbank Street, Westminster, June 23, 1852.

"Rev. Sir,—A friend has just called my attention to your statements about me in your published Lecture on Tractarianism, which are so extraordinary that I think it my duty to address you on the subject. I shall pass over (what I must call) your uncharitable observations and insinuations with regard to me, and proceed at once to notice—which I regret that I can only do by *denying*—the statements to which I allude. And I think that, on reflection, you will admit that they are as incorrect as your uncharitableness is certainly unjustifiable. I regret the latter very much, as I cannot but remember that you wrote to me very kindly (though a stranger to you) at the time to which you refer. Should you publish another Lecture of this series, I trust you will at least do me the justice to insert in a note the substance of this communication.

"Allow me to inform you that you are entirely under a misapprehension in supposing that I ever set a 'trap' for the Protestant Bishop of Chichester; that you are mistaken in thinking that you 'examined me as to my attainments' on the occasion to which you allude (unless you refer to your asking me if I understood *music*, which—so far as I can remember—was the *only* question that you put to me), or interrogated me *at all* on the subject of Baptism; also that I had ever been employed at the Anglican College at Harrow Weald (though I have several times *visited* it, but never slept there more than one or *two* nights at the most); also, that I said on the occasion of my interview with you at the 'Golden Cross' that my

short stay at the College was 'accounted for by the fact that it was not long since I had joined the [Anglican] Church;' and finally (and above all) that you are entirely mistaken in your estimate of my *motives* in first joining the Anglican Communion, and at length (after *several years*' membership with the former, during which time I enjoyed the respect and confidence of many of its ministers and members) submitting myself to that Church Catholic, of which your own Communion claims to be a 'branch.' I may add that I related what passed at our interview to several Protestant friends, and that *not one* of them recollects my saying that anything at all answering to your statements was spoken on that occasion.

"As you have alluded to Mr. Manning, allow me to say that I had no communication with him respecting the mastership of your school, and that I do not *know* him even *now*, though I certainly saw him at the Cardinal's *soirée* yesterday evening. . . . .

"I remain, Rev. Sir,

"Your faithful servant and sincere well wisher,

"W. R. FRANCIS MARY GAWTHORN."

The remainder of this letter, which is much too long for insertion, refers to a pamphlet written by Mr. Gawthorn on the subject of his correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Westbourne Vicarage, June 26.

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a letter in which you deny the accuracy of certain statements made concerning you in pages 41, 42, and 43, of my 'Lectures on Tractarianism.'

"When you say that I never examined you as to your attainments or religious opinions, I can easily believe that you are stating what you imagine to be strictly true. You imagine that on the two occasions on which I met you nothing passed between us but simple conversation. You are quite right. I did not examine you formally. Nevertheless, it is equally true that I went to town on purpose to have that conversation with you; that in that conversation I did most strictly examine you; and that, having examined you, I did reject you, and on the precise grounds which I stated in my Lectures—viz., that being a convert from Dissent, you had no sufficient reason to assign for your conversion. I am delighted to hear that you did not mean to set a trap for the Bishop of Chichester.

"With respect to your other assertions, I dare say you may be quite as correct as in this; they are not in any way material. It cannot signify whether you were at Harrow Weald for two weeks or two days; the only material point is that you gave me a reference to Mr. Monro, and that he knew little or nothing about you. Neither can it signify whether you are recommended to me by the Archdeacon of Chichester, as I said, or, as I believe really was the case, by the Dean of Chichester. The point is, that you were recommended by one of my friends who was a Dignitary of the Church.

"With respect to your conduct towards the Archbishop of Canterbury,

I have nothing to do, beyond declining to enter into any correspondence or communication whatever with the man who could commit such an act. I must decline also to read your pamphlet on the subject. With regard to the Archbishop's letter in answer to yours, I have already expressed my sentiments publicly, and I see no reason to alter those sentiments. Still, as our Church does not hold that the end sanctifies the means, and as I can see no difference in a moral point of view between your conduct and that of Mr. Spurrell or Mr. Horsman, you must excuse me if I decline having any sort of communication with you beyond this letter. I reply to you now only because, as you conceived I had misrepresented you in my Lecture, I imagined that you were in some sort entitled to an explanation.

"I do not wish to hurt your feelings unnecessarily—you would give me credit for this were you aware how much about your past life I know; but, if your religious versatility will 'point a moral or adorn a tale,' no one shall say but that you have well earned the distinction of being considered a public character.

"Your obedient servant,
"HENRY NEWLAND.

"To Mr. Francis Gawthorn."

"47, Millbank Street, Westminster, June 30, 1852.

"Mr. W. R. Gawthorn presents his compliments to Mr. Newland. As Mr. G. has not heard from Mr. Newland on the subject of his recent communication, he of course concludes that Mr. Newland declines to accede to Mr. G.'s request. He will not, therefore, feel surprised should he find his mis-statements corrected in several Catholic papers, and other publications, both English and foreign, and in a manner certainly not favourable to Mr. Newland's reputation as a Protestant Minister and Lecturer."

"Boveysand, Plymouth, July 4.

"Sir,—You are perfectly welcome to speak of me in what way you think proper.

"Your obedient Servant,
"HENRY NEWLAND.

"To Mr. W. R. Francis Gawthorn."

APPENDIX II.

If ever I had my doubts about the propriety or success of these lectures, and I have already confessed that I had, since their publication these doubts have been completely removed by the numbers of letters I have received from all parts of England and indeed I may add Scotland and Ireland also; some asking advice, some relating anecdotes corroborating this or that

statement which I had made, some giving me further information on points that I had only touched upon: in two instances these writers request me to recommend to them some Clergyman holding "Tractarian" opinions within their reach. One wishes that I would "communicate with him on the best way in which he could be of service to the Church, thinking it to be the duty of every Churchman to use his efforts to rescue her from the position in which she is now placed." These are cheering signs. As faithful reformers of CHRIST'S Church, nay, even as faithful Churchmen, we cannot expect to be popular, or to escape misrepresentations and calumny: "if they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of His household?" We neither expect popularity nor wish for it; it is enough for us that we be as our Master: still these are cheering signs, for these things show that men's minds are awake, that Truth is great and will prevail, that the Church's doctrines are "running to and fro like sparks in the stubble," that we are "finding again after many days our bread which we have cast on the waters," that "though we went on our way weeping and bearing good seed, we shall doubtless come again with joy and bring our sheaves with us." If ever a faithless fear has come over us, like that which in the depths of his persecution once shook even the firm trust of Elijah, these things will show us that there are yet "seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to Baal." "If I am asked," said Archdeacon Denison, "at what date since the Reformation the Church of England has stood firmest, and has had the strongest hold on the hearts of her members, I say that date is this day and this hour on which I am now addressing you."

It is obviously impossible for me to publish the letters of which I speak; most of them indeed from their very nature are of a private and confidential character, many are almost duplicates of anecdotes which I have related; and these, though valuable as corroborations, would weary by their sameness. For instance, the rebuilding of the church destroyed by earthquake, in the Azores, mentioned by one of my correspondents, is a perfect repetition of my own anecdote of the Val Orsine; it is not the less valuable for that, nay, it is more valuable, for it shows that the teaching of the Romish Church produces precisely the same effect among people of totally different habits, manners, customs, and climate; yet to the reader the absolute repetition of the same fact would be simply wearying.

One letter however I will publish, having received the permission of its writer, or rather, as it is a long letter, I will select from it those extracts which bear upon my subject, reserving the remainder for some future opportunity. The writer is a man well known in the Church as one of its most zealous and faithful ministers; he is known also to me by name, but personally I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"Gyllyngdune, Falmouth, July 6, 1852.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—The lecture on 'Tractarianism,' which you delivered in Brighton, has reminded me of one or two incidents which have happened to fall under my own observation. I hope you will not deem it

impertinent to be troubled with them by one who has no right to intrude on your attention, other than an interest in the righteous cause you have been so ably advocating. On some other occasion, when you are similarly engaged, they may possibly be made available for varying your illustrations, or for confirming them by the testimony of another witness. Certainly, at the time, not only did they interest me greatly as not unfavourable indications of the practical working of the Roman Church; but, as you have stated was the case on your mind, I was often compelled to ask myself, 'Why are the poor and ignorant more religious and more devout in the Church of Rome, where the doctrines have been corrupted, than they are in the Church of England, where they have not been corrupted?' and like your own, the answer in very frequent instances could only be, 'Because the Church of Rome speaks to the comprehension of the poor, and we speak above it.'

"About nine years ago, I was travelling by the Simplon route, and while our horses were baiting at Sion, I ascended with some of my children one of those precipitous hills, on which stand the ruins of the fortress-palaces of her former Bishops. While we were in the Church, which if you have travelled that road you will remember is equally dilapidated and desolate as the rest of the buildings, our attention was attracted by the faint wail of an infant. It was some time before we could discover from what part of the edifice the cry proceeded, but at last it guided us toward a heavy oaken door, just hanging on its rust-eaten hinges, which on opening, not without difficulty, admitted us into the Lady chapel. Here we saw stretched out on a rug as wretched a little infant as ever excited pity, emaciated and squalid with disease and poverty. The poor child had been deposited on the lower step of what had been the altar, (for, if I remember rightly, there was no outward token of its sanctity remaining,) and a few feet from it knelt a peasant woman, its mother. Struck by so remarkable a spectacle amidst so much desolation, I waited until a movement on the part of the woman assured me I should not disturb the prayers she was engaged in, before I ventured to question her as to the motive of bringing her apparently expiring child to the deserted chapel. I shall never forget the answer of that poor creature. 'Doctors and nurses,' said she, 'have told me they can do nothing to save it, I have brought it to JESUS and His Blessed Mother, and I wait to see their will;' and again she resumed her prayers. How sublime was that woman in her poverty, her ignorance, and her rags, as a spectacle of Christian faith! No habitation near, the ascent long and steep, the church in ruins, no outward symbol of its sanctity, left unused for years, nothing but the *memory* of the house of GOD. Where could I find a similar spectacle of faith, not in its sentiments, but in its practice? She had indeed been taught to encumber truth with error, but would to GOD our Church taught the truth without error as effectually.

"You speak of the unostentatious piety and humility of the late Queen of the Belgians as illustrative of the 'equality of all baptized Christians.' A similar instance occurred to my daughters visiting with their governess

a church in Florence. I had taught them never to go through a church for the gratification of curiosity, until they had first remembered it as a house of prayer. They were once so engaged, when they became aware that a party of ladies had come to the same spot, and were kneeling on the bare pavement immediately by their side. When my children left the church, they recognized at the portico two carriages as those of the Grand Duke, and wishing to see some of the members of the Royal Family, they remained a few minutes in the street. I need hardly add, the ladies who had been kneeling on the pavement in the church for private prayer (there was no service), were the Grand Duchess, the sister of the Grand Duke, the children, and some of the ladies of the household.

"Did you ever ascend at night-fall any of the hill sides surrounding the Piano of Sorrento? It is a glorious sight, as the fiery sun sinks behind Ischia, and in the brief twilight myriads of fire-flies begin to whirl about you. But pleasanter than all, is the religious aspect of the scene. The peasant families are home from their orange groves and maize fields, the cares of the silkworm are over for the day, the children have been called in and prepared for bed. Listen now as you pass any cottage window. Yes, do not fear to look in, for none will notice you; all are too busily, too solemnly engaged. There is not a hovel wherein at this time of the evening the Vesper Prayers are neglected, or the 'Ave' forgotten. It is rudely and discordantly sung indeed, for the Sorrentines do not excel as tenori or soprani, but still it *is* sung. Down in the town, just below you, are, if the night be fine, groups of young women gathered at a station, led by a matron or an elder girl, and these too are in prayer often all on their knees literally in the dust. In your own words, 'they act openly, as if they believed their religion, and were very proud of their religion.' And why? because the system of the Church is open; they who teach them act as if they 'were proud of their religion.' I was once in a long discussion with the learned and amiable ecclesiastic, who was at that time the Principal of the Seminary at Bourg: we were in his cell in the establishment, and a third person, I believe a deacon only, was present; in the heat of our argument a bell began to toll. In an instant the Principal rose from his seat, made the sign of the cross, and stooped down for a few minutes in prayer. 'What,' said he afterwards (observing that I had not imitated his example), 'do you think it superstitious for all men at a stated hour to be reminded by the Angelus of the duty of prayer? Are you in England ashamed to obey it?'

"Your observations on Penzance are open to misapprehension, and might give pain to the Clergy who have laboured there faithfully and unsparingly within the time to which you allude. Mr. Shuttleworth and Mr. Batten have not deserved that distant sons of the Church should think, that the Church system has not been so fully carried out as the strength of two men and their curates would allow. The second church, which is internally a handsome structure, was built at the expense of the last gentleman, and since its completion, there have been daily prayers in it. The Romanists have felt the effect. They began their 'cathedral'

with great pretension, designing it, with the aid of funds from Marseilles, as the head quarters of the Western Missions, whence, under episcopal direction, they were to sally forth and proselytize the west of England.

"At one time, as an offset from this institution, I had a legion of Priests, as many as six at one time, outposted just on the borders of my parish. You will remember, their church was designed upon rather a pretending scale, the end walls and lateral arches being temporarily stoned up, with the intention of extending the building from time to time. I was at Penzance last month, and, as far as I could see, they have been content to finish off the edifice on its first very limited scale, and its missionary prospects are abandoned. They have made no way. The six priests have dwindled to one, the rest are removed to Clapham, and the Bishop may be *in partibus infidelium* for what the people of Penzance know of him. The whole affair languishes, and I think that the funds are failing.

"Mr. Shuttleworth has preferment, and Mr. Batten has succeeded him. They were both good Churchmen, and you will be doing them no more than justice, if on any future occasion you relieve them from the imputation of not carrying out Church principles and practices, which unintentionally your illustration may have cast on them.

"I have brought this letter to a most unconscionable length, and will only add my hearty good wishes for your success in the advocacy you are so ably discharging, and for GOD's blessing upon your immediate sphere of duty.

"I have the honour to be,
"Rev. and dear Sir,
"Your faithful brother in CHRIST,
"W. J. COOPE,
"Rector of Falmouth."

Grieved indeed should I be, had I, even by implication, done injustice to a man who has deserved so well of the Church as Mr. Shuttleworth, but in point of fact I have not done so. Mr. Coope has overlooked the date of my anecdote. A good many years have elapsed since my yachting days. I have neither time nor opportunity for such amusements now. When I visited Penzance, Mr. Batten's church was but just begun. I perfectly remember sitting on the walls of it, in conversation with the man who gave me that information on the religious statistics of the place which I have recorded in my lectures, and who I have no doubt must have been Mr. Shuttleworth himself. The state of Penzance which I describe, therefore, is not its state under Mr. Shuttleworth's ministration, but its previous condition; the condition from which he raised it. Mr. Coope, however, has done good service in calling the attention of the public to this fact, and in relating the continuation of that history of which I, having never seen the place since, was able to speak of the beginning only. This continuation is not only highly creditable to the zeal and energy of Mr. Shuttleworth and Mr. Batten, but it is also eminently corroborative of the position I have assumed in my lecture, concerning the causes which have produced

the recent increase of Romanism in England. My words are, "*the gro of the fungus marks the rottenness of the place.*" It is very remarkable my purpose, that this place was not selected by the Roman Catholi because there was no religion there, for as Dissenters, the men of the we are rather remarkable for their strictness. I spent a Sunday at Penanc and I well remember the Sabbath stillness of the place; it was becau there was no CHURCH. Dissent was flourishing, but the action of th Church was weak and crippled; her principles were not carried out, a this it seems is what is considered by the Roman Catholics a promisi field for their exertions—*the fungus takes root.*

I now take up Mr. Coope's continuation. A church is built Mr. Batten; Church principles are carried out, and *the fungus d away for want of nourishment.* The grand Missionary Establishme which was not at all inferior to that of St. Leonard's, dwindles down to single Priest, and the mission is transferred—where? Why to Clapha and I need not say what sort of *pabulum* the fungus would find there feed upon. If I have undesignedly done injustice to Mr. Shuttleworth if I have led any one to doubt his zeal, his earnestness, or the success his labours, I am very sorry for any inadvertence of mine which may h caused such a mistake. The real fact being that Mr. Shuttleworth h almost single-handed, done that which the St. Leonard's people neith have done nor will do, till they will send for some of us to help them; th is to say, he has encountered the Romish mission, which had alrea occupied the ground, and has defeated it.

APPENDIX III.

I have received letters from several persons totally independent each other, but all alike requesting me to come and lecture in their r spective towns. "They are quite sure it would undeceive so many pe ple, and do so much good." This is no doubt extremely flattering, e tremely complimentary, and I do feel flattered and complimented by Moreover, I am quite certain they are right: it would do a great deal good. Nevertheless, what my worthy friends ask is a little unreasonabl This delivering of lectures is a resolution of the South Church Union, a I, as a member of that union, am carrying out to the best of my abiliti the resolution I have myself concurred in, therefore I give these lecture I do not repent having done so. I have every reason to be satisfied wi the success of our undertaking. Next winter, moreover, I mean to go with it, but it must be within the sphere of my own Union.

I can, however, assure my good friends, speaking from experience, th the exhibition of oneself upon a platform is an extremely disagreeal situation, one in which no gentleman would place himself voluntarily.

er expected it would be anything else. I believe also that no amount
uccess can make it less disagreeable, and I am sure, speaking for my-
, I hope it never may. But I believe that circumstances have rendered
, or something of the kind, necessary, and if so, disagreeable or not,
e one must do the duty.
low I never would ask another to do that which I would not do my-
, but having led into action, I do conceive that I have thereby acquired
ll right to call upon others to follow me, more especially as I happen
now that they hold the same sentiments as I do myself.
The invitations which I have received have come from towns lying within
range of the London, the Bristol, and the Exeter Unions. Now I call
n those Unions to come forward and answer them. I do not mean to
them that it will not be unpleasant, but if they think it ought to be
e, valet consequentia, they ought to do it.

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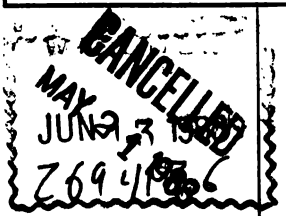
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